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HORROR

GREETINGS, VIDEOVORES!!

I know all you tapeheads out there have been eagerly (and patiently) awaiting our new issue, and let me tell you: I don't think there's anyone more thrilled than I am about it being ready for consumption. There's a ton of groovy and exciting stuff bumping around in this issue, and I have the sincerest hope that these video vittles and trips back in time absolutely hit the spot. Because even though it's a blast gathering all of this stuff and stitching it together, the fun really begins when you guys get to take a bite.

It's been the busiest it's ever been over here in *Lunchmeat* land. Aside from concocting this new issue, we've made the somewhat antithetical yet ultimately indispensable leap into the world weird web with the launch of LUNCHMEATVHS.COM - our official site which is loaded with info about us and our mission, material from the vaults, and something we call "The Meat Market" where you can pick up issues, t-shirts and other groovy LM goodies! There's even a "Spare Parts" blog where you can chew on even more toothsome tidbits of *Lunchmeat* in-between issues. Drop on by and let us know what you think!

We've also had the pleasure of collaborating with awesome folks like Wild Eye Releasing, Horror Boobs, Spectacle Theater and Nitehawk Cinema, organizing shows all about the love of VHS where we present flicks, trade tapes and just generally nerd out about our favorite format and the wonderful escapes it brings us. Building the Videovore community has always been the prime directive for *Lunchmeat*, and the chance to be a part of events that foster these ideas and sentiments is utterly fantastic and just an absolute blast. It's something that we're delighted to be doing, and plan on continuing till the wheels fall off. Stay tuned to our site for updates on when and where these shindigs are going down!

I recently received a letter (yes, a real handwritten letter sent via snail mail!) from one of our readers in TN who's only 17 years old, and - get this - he's already been collecting tapes for three years! Killer, right? He listed some of his favorite tapes, gave suggestions for the zine and even drew a picture at the bottom: a pencil-rendered Reaper clutching the almighty video! Sitting here in my office reading over his letter, seeing his enthusiasm and love for the format, it just put the biggest smile on my face. There's really no better reward than receiving a letter like that. It's the kind of thing that makes doing *LM* so worthwhile. Keep those eyelids peeled and glued and keep that VCR a'hummin', Videovores. VHS is not a dead format! - JS

Please email questions, comments, suggestions or whatever else you can think of to TheButcher@LunchmeatVHS.com - We'd love to *meatcha*!

Wanna Subscribe? Bitchin! Drop by LUNCHMEATVHS.COM for more info or send \$25 to:
LUNCHMEAT
710 Glendalough Rd.
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You'll receive a four-issue sub along with a membership to the Videovore Fiend Club (see the back page for more details!) Be sure to send us your full name, address, and whatever other information you think we'll need.

Check, money order, or well-concealed cash is accepted. We are willing to trade a four-issue sub for *Rocko's Modern Life* cartoons, a *Return of the Living Dead* Picture Disc, or a 57 Chevy Bel-Air tape rewinder. Single issues are available for \$6, but subscriptions will give you the ability to teleport. Burn cream not included.

We used to print the answers to the crossword from the previous issue in this space, but apparently I likes the jaw-flappin' so, if you'd like to see how The Crossword Troll stumped you, email us or send an answer request and a bag o' gummy candy to our snail mail address. The Crossword Troll must have gummies.

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LUNCHMEAT would like to thank the following people for being exemplary individuals and excellent friends: Jonathan Canady, Bob and Cherie Schafer and Ted and Susie Gilbert (superior parental units) John Desantis, Alison Nastasi, Matt Desiderio, Dale Compton, George Stover, Sarah Meiklejohn, Rob Hauschild, Rondal@StrangeKidsClub, Steve@Lost Highway, Sean@VHSPS, Jeremy@Sex Pig, and Kevin @House of Mysterious Secrets.

BLUE BLOOD (1973)

Mallard Productions

Director: Andrew Sinclair

Screenwriter: Andrew Sinclair

Interglobal Home Video (1989)

Despite knowing better, after all these years I still judge a VHS tape by its cover. Most times I make this mistake I wind up disappointed. I am usually lured by some gnarly illustrated cover involving aliens, zombies, scantily clad women, or badass cripples with machine guns, only to find out that their live action counterparts barely grace the screen or the action is rendered impotent through inept direction and narrative development. However, there is another side to this coin. The video industry was so oversaturated with certain genre conceits that one occasionally glances at a cover and actually sets their expectations at rock bottom. It was with this attitude that I popped *Blue Blood* into my VCR. The generically blond and busty female victim, the hooded Satanist, the pentagram, the profoundly non-descriptive tagline: all of these elements had me expecting a routine satanic thriller with an uninteresting plot, generic set, obligatory nudity, and little character development. What I got instead was a delightful surprise.

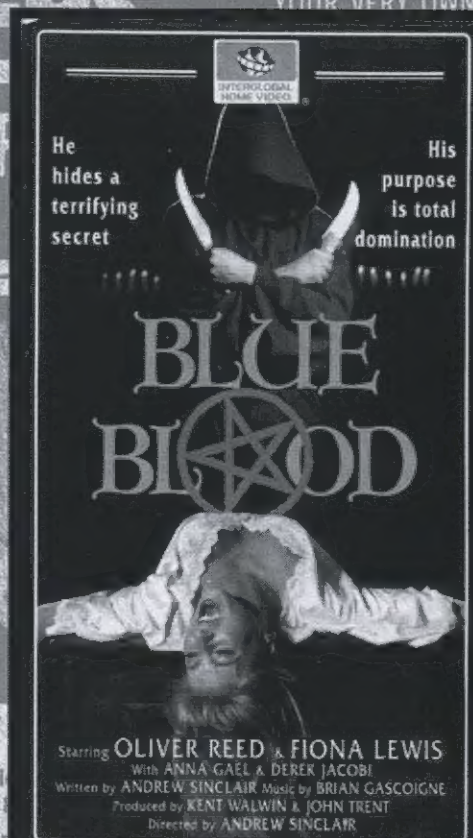
The film opens as a nanny arrives at a marvelous English country estate to report for her first day of employment. She learns that she is to raise the children of Gregory (Derek Jacobi), an eccentric aristocrat playboy who has too much time and space, a penchant for excess, and a show business wife who is never around. It is clear that Gregory wants to seduce Carlotta, the young nanny. At first glance it would appear that a bad *Jane Eyre* retelling was about to unfold: A naive governess, a handsome aristocrat, a dark secret... but that premise is merely a maguffin for the real story. Oliver Reed plays a cartoonish, arrogant, sardonic, but downright nasty butler, who is controlling the whole of the estate through ambiguous occult methods.

Though it is a film with a low budget and a traditional feel, it is the complex and self-aware execution that makes it fun to watch. The style of the movie recalls the aesthetic of gothic Hammer offerings from the 60s and 70s that relied in much the same way on aristocratic secrets, sprawling manors, and flamboyant costumes. *Blue Blood* does this with a consciousness that the 70s setting makes the characters feel anachronistic, like they are caricatures of themselves. Furthermore, the estate property is now home to a zoo that caters to summer tourists. This ironic setting points out that whatever this family did that made them so wealthy and important no longer has any relevance. Like the exotic animals in the zoo that have been made impotent through cages and paved roads, the aristocrat is someone who was once powerful but is now relegated to being a subject for our entertainment. The questions opened up through the narrative are specific to the time and setting: What is the purpose of an ineffectual aristocracy? Do they still maintain any real power? And most importantly, if they are not in charge, who is? It is the film's answer to this question that is the most startling and satisfying to the audience.

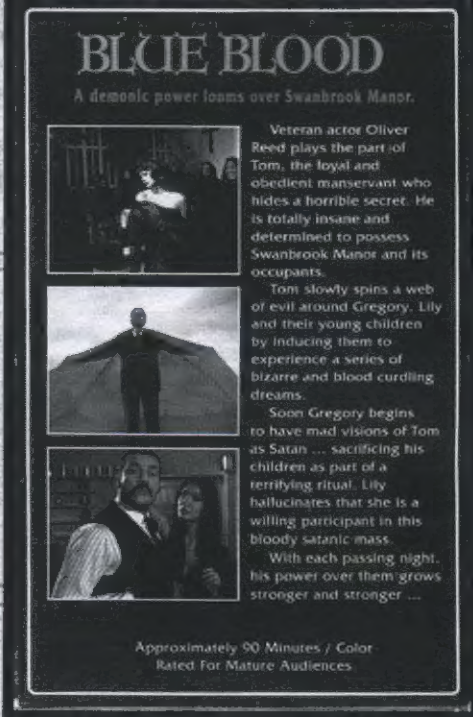
Though the film does explore some fairly serious themes (power vs. submission, child abuse, etc.) it pokes a lot of satirical fun at the aristocracy and it does so with nice detail down to a musical soundtrack that alternates between an experimental and atmospheric score by Andrew Gascoigne (*Dark Crystal*, *Harry Potter*) and an early 20th century "pomp and circumstance" style march that appropriately underscores the pompous pretense of the subject matter.

Another interesting tidbit I picked up while researching this film is that Andrew Sinclair's screenplay was actually based on a British novel by Alexander Thynne called *The Carry-Cot*. The novel seems to be pretty hard to find and I can't speak for its quality, but the funny thing is it seems to be fairly autobiographical. Thynne was the 7th Marquess of Bath and by all accounts an eccentric flamboyant aristocrat who sat in the House of Lords and led a rather promiscuous lifestyle. Numbering among his linguistic creations is the word "wifelets," invented to describe his numerous intimate relationships.

Ted Gilbert



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AMERICA'S DEADLIEST HOME VIDEO (1993)

Random Film Group
 Director: Jack Perez
 Writer: Jack Perez
 Random Video (1993)

When endeavoring to write a review on ADHV it seems obligatory (if only for comparison) to mention other flicks that use home video as a device to support the storyline: *The Blair Witch Project*, *Cannibal Holocaust* and *Dirty Cop*. No Donut serve as prime examples when it comes to employing this visual style. What sets ADHV apart from these others is the fact that there's no pretense about the home video's origin. It's not presented to the viewer as "found footage" or some kind of radical documentary that's "based on true life events". This flick is to be taken at face value: a guy with a home video camera that sets out on a road trip, and gets a hell of a lot more than he bargained for, making ADHV one of the most realistic and striking SOV flicks to ever be produced.

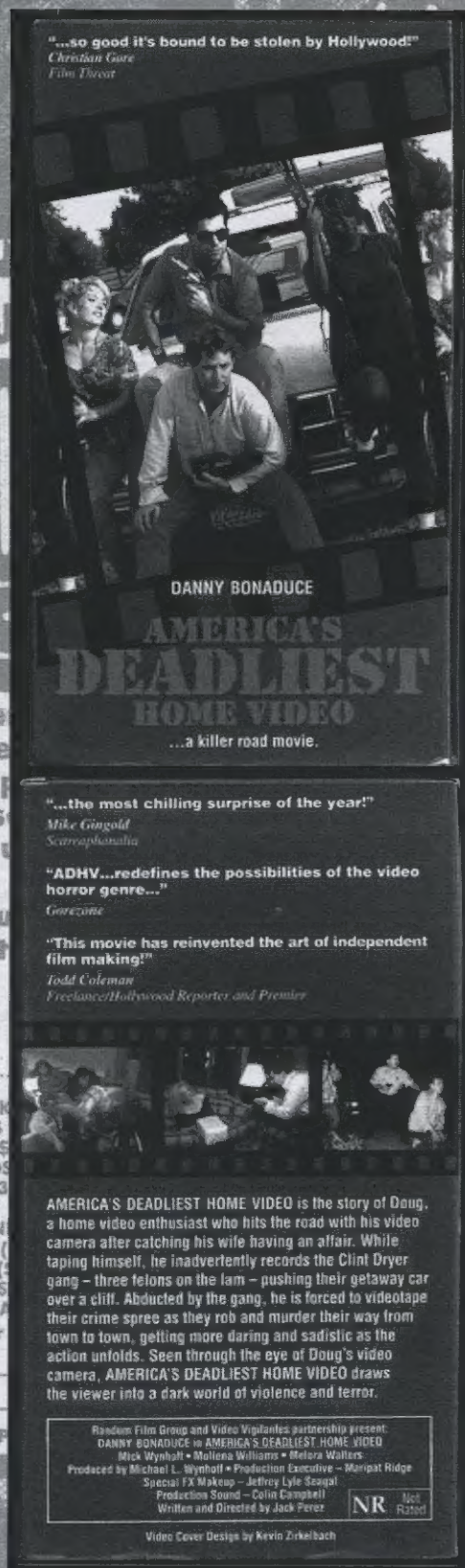
Doug (played by Danny Bonaduce pre-steroids!) is a fairly ordinary guy who loves two things: his wife and his camcorder. But when Doug finds out that his wife has been cheating (which we witness through the eye of the camera) he hops in his wife's van and brings his one true love along with him on a Kerouac style trip across the country. Things start out mildly enough with Doug filming passersby and a corn field here and there, cracking jokes and making the best of a rather dull time. But things heat up quickly once Doug is taken hostage for inadvertently filming some people ditching a car off of a cliff. He's then forced to film the gang's transgressions which include murder, knocking off convenience stores and a video store robbery turned bloodbath.

ADHV doesn't just set itself apart from fictionalized documentary films; it stands as a brilliant anomaly in the SOV arena, as well. When we think of the SOV style of filmmaking, we tend to think low-budget, schlocky train wrecks that are redeemed by their kitsch and gumption. This notion stems from the fact that these SOV filmmakers were trying to create something fictional with a medium that's so cheap, it's difficult for the viewer to separate themselves from the reality that it's a guy with a video camera filming his surroundings. With ADHV, that's exactly what makes this film so effective: The filmmaker wants you to believe that it's just a guy with a camera filming his environment. The realism and plausibility is so much more potent since what we're intended to believe is precisely what we are seeing.

Besides the excellent use of atmosphere in ADHV, it's the engaging character studies and seemingly effortless storytelling that bring this film to a cult classic level. Each member of the gang seems to embody the different emotions that one might encounter during a crime spree: hostility and bloodshed, megalomania and sadism, and ultimately, boredom and apathy. Throughout the various robberies and seedy hotel rooms, Doug serves as a catalyst to elicit these emotions from the gang, and in turn, the gang brings something out of Doug that he's never displayed otherwise. ADHV has all the trappings of an excellent road movie, but comes peppered with stark comedy and even a little romantic entanglement that spawns the amusingly coincidental and bloody end scene.

Jack Perez has created a cinematic gem with ADHV. Any fan of SOV flicks, road movies and film esoterica in general would do themselves good to lay their eyes on this one. It stands as a clever and exceedingly resourceful flick that shows both filmmakers and film fans alike that with the right story and proper presentation, budget is of little consequence. That said, do I think anyone could make a film like this again and have it be as powerful? I seriously doubt it. This tape's pretty rare, so if you're gonna use the internet to seek it out, expect to pay anywhere from \$20 - \$50 for a copy. However, I would recommend scouring the depths of your local flea market or junk mall. That's where I found my copy, and it only cost me a buck! Dig it!

Josh Schafer



SUPER FORCE (1990)

Viacom Enterprises

Director: Richard Compton

Screenwriter: Janis Hendler and Larry Brody

Universal Home Video (1990)

An astronaut named Zach Stone (Ken Olandt) singlehandedly saves a manned mission to Mars. He returns home an international hero only to find his brother dead, a casualty of the violence and theft that has come to characterize the city's infamous "crime zone." What could our courageous hero do but take it upon himself to rid the city of evil via a badass motorcycle and a black armored suit, both made invincible thanks to a new electro-magnetic repulsion technology? The result: A ludicrous and micro-budget early 90s action romp with a watchability to it that is a pleasant surprise.

As soon as the risible computer generated image of Mars pops on the screen you know exactly where you are - that awkwardly lit and just competently acted sector of the galaxy known as "made for TV." Throw in the voice-over that picks up shortly thereafter and you can't help but say to yourself "it's everything I hoped it would be."

Now you probably find yourself asking "Is this just a case of the good-guys kicking some bad-guy ass? Is there any conflict or tension?" There certainly is, and it is just as sincere yet ill-conceived as you were hoping. Our hero is trying to prove that his brother did not go rotten and wind up in-league with the badies as many of the critics would have him believe. The shocking truth that he uncovers takes him far beyond the bread-and-butter world of street crime and into a truly sinister conspiracy involving the sleazy political and corporate kingpin Tao Satori (G. Gordon Liddy), who poses as an international philanthropist and borderline mystical philosopher.

All the aforementioned goodness alone could easily be mishandled into either an incomprehensible mess or an excruciating bore. But what makes *Super Force* utterly and completely watchable is the awkward juxtapositions: satisfying action against cardboard dialog; consistent story telling with a wildly random musical score, etc. Combine these with just enough "what the fuck moments" (yeah... there's an android decapitation and a sentient computer program) and making it through this one is no chore. Now I'll highlight some of the more delightful inconsistencies.

Exhibit A: Stone appears in full battle garb including body armor and bike. The battle that ensues is competently shot in slow-mo and set to some fist pumping eighties hard rock. So what is the best one liner that our writers could come up with to set the tone?... "The party's over?" Kind of made it hard to really get the blood pumping.

Exhibit B: Stone's love interest, another officer, is reluctant to engage in a relationship with a cop for fear that she will be setting herself up for an inevitable heartache at the hands of the vicious streets. The romance is real enough, and we feel for the character when she finally meets her ironic death - only to kill all of the ironic impact as she mutters: "When I said cops die on you, I didn't know that meant me."

The music runs the gamut. Some tracks call to mind the best of 80s teen sitcom, others make you think of World War II action flicks, with room still for good old 80s analog.

I often find myself describing *Lunchmeat* to strangers and I always paint a picture of it as a horror zine. A good chunk of the time people respond, "well, I really like bad 80s action flicks." I always let them know that the genre makes it in our pages occasionally, but really I'm not much of an action fan. I like this movie because it's a crowd pleaser, indulgent in so many B-movie stereotypes at once without any apparent self-awareness.

This MCA Universal release is the expected high quality and it includes two trailers at the beginning. Neither are genre entries but both sound terribly depressing. The first, *Taken Away*, seems to be about mistreated foster children, and the second is called *Prison for Children*... enough said. I probably wouldn't have tried to market a pair of downbeat real world dramas to people who picked up a movie about a vigilante super-cop from the year 2020. Then again, I'm trying to push a print magazine about VHS tapes so I'm no marketing genius.

Ted Gilbert



DEATH WEEKEND (1976)

Quadrant films Ltd.
Directed by William Fruet
Written by William Fruet
Vestron Video (1985)

Written and directed by William Fruet, who went on to write/direct genre favorite *Spasms* as well as a slew of horror TV shows (*Friday the 13th: The Series* and *Poltergeist: The Legacy* to name a few), *Death Weekend* stands as a rock solid entry in what I like to brand as the Couples in Peril subgenre of fringe cinema.

Harry is an affluent dentist who's taken his new model "friend" out to his secluded house by the lake in hopes of adding another conquest to his bed notch collection. Unfortunately for him, en route he runs into a car full of local no-good-niks. He gets involved in a nearly deadly game of road rage but the hoods finally wreck and he's set free to go on and try to nail his lady friend. The greasers eventually track the couple down and proceed to terrorize them both by taking over the house and forcing them to do their bidding. They drink his booze, break his stuff, and beat him and his woman. How will they survive this *DEATH WEEKEND*?

Interestingly, *Death Weekend* is less about sleaze and more about feminism and materialism. Every man in the film is a scumbag or generally useless. Harry is a pervert who enjoys taking nude pictures of his ladies unbeknownst to them and of course our greaser pals are violent drug using rapists. The only strong, intelligent character is our heroine and in this way the film mirrors the feminist wave of sleaze popularized by films like *I Spit on Your Grave*. I often find this trend tedious and unrealistic, but the excellent acting makes the feminist bend tolerable and I daresay enjoyable.

The commentary on the materialistic excesses of the 70's is expressed through each characters' (except the woman, of course) obsession with his things. Harry worships money and his house and all of the "great deals" he's gotten on expensive things he'll never use in his home. The lead sadist of the greaser gang comments on this in the film stating Harry doesn't care about his own physical safety nor the safety of his lady friend, but what fires him up is the damage incurred on his precious things. The sadist himself is unconcerned for neither his safety nor the safety of his yokel friends, but becomes enraged at the damage his sweet ride receives in the aggressive race at the beginning of the film. Again, things are more important to him than his very life.

With these two concurrent commentaries, *Death Weekend* rises above its sleazy roots and becomes a much more interesting and engaging film. Is it violent? Yes. Is it sleazy? Yes. Is it worth the \$50 it usually goes for online? Nope. All in all it's pretty middle of the road even given its above average intelligence. The acting is excellent, and Fruet does an admirable job with both the direction and pacing of the film. In the end, however, it's not remarkable enough to be worth it's decidedly hefty pricetag. But, if you're fortunate enough to find it cheap like I did (thank you local mom and pop shop!), *Death Weekend* certainly deserves a look.

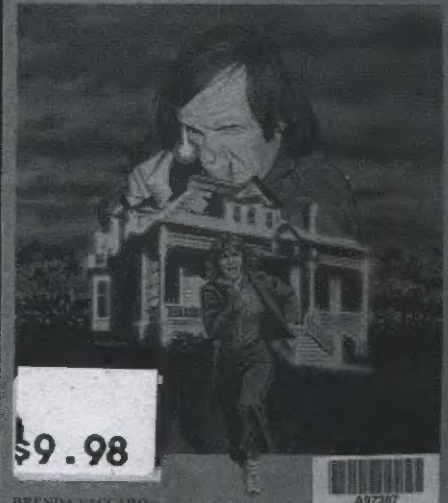
Jacob Gustafson

tion picture. An alien crashes on earth, and enslaves earth people in order to repair his ship. All goes well until one man discovers the alien and confronts the strange being. The fact of the Xenomorph is

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structions, and play
ing cards

DEATH WEEKEND



BRENDA VACCARO in
DEATH WEEKEND stars DON STROUD
Co-Starring RICHARD AYRES - KYLA EDWARDS - DON GRANNERS
Executive Producers ANNE LINN & JOHN THORNTON - Produced by FRANK PETERMAN
Written and Directed by WILLIAM FRUET Color picture by MARY ELLEN
A RETRANJUNCTION FILM FILM AN ORION PICTURES RELEASE

To Escape—She'll Have To Kill!



BRENDA VACCARO (THE STARMAKER) and DON STROUD (THE AMITYVILLE HORROR) star in a gripping thriller of human brutality and survival. A happy couple is on the road to a quiet weekend at a secluded lake house. Suddenly, they are overtaken by a carload of four drunken hoodlums who are out for more than just kicks. Lep STROUD, driver and gang leader, tries to force the pair's Corvette off the road, but is unsuccessful. They careen down an embankment while the Corvette speeds away to apparent safety. Arriving at the secluded hideaway, both Diana (VACCARO), a chic model, and Harry (CHUCK SHAMATA) try to forget about their recent harrowing experience, but the villainous gang has somehow tracked them down. In the heated struggle that ensues, Harry is gunned down with his own shotgun. Diana must now fend for herself. She must escape, but how, with three crazed men wanting more than just her life. All Diana wanted was to get away from it all for a few days—now she must escape from *DEATH WEEKEND*!

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Two earth scientists are kidnapped and brought to the planet Metaluna, a world at war with another planet. The scientists are asked to help the Metalunians, and find themselves in the midst of one of the most incredible battles in the history of the universe. And things get worse when the world of Metaluna

DESERT SNOW (1989)

North Star Pictures

Director: Paul M. Degrucio

Screenwriters: Dan Peacock, Paul Natale and Raymond Girard (Story)

Raedon Home Video (1989)

Raedon Home Video has been charged with the stigma of releasing some of the most intolerable direct-to-video dreck from the video boom (most severely censured by prolific film journalist Mike Malloy), and to be fair, this argument is well-founded. Taking a look at Raedon's slapdash covers and rehash marketing, their output measures up to a blatant cash in on the video craze of the 80s. And, hey, that's okay in my book, because not only does this fact earn Raedon this sort of cult status among trash film fans, but it also compels those same lovers of the lousy to pick up any tape with the Raedon logo on it, just to see what the hell Raedon crapped out this time around.

So, yeah, admittedly, I picked up *Desert Snow* because I thought it was going to be a total train wreck filled with horrible acting, laughable effects (if any) and maybe a boob or six: a perfectly sound reason to pick up this chunk o' analog for a buck, right? Indeed. But upon viewing, I realized I just stumbled across one of the more obscure and totally enjoyable trashy action flicks I've seen to date.

In the Arizona desert, the Mexican mafia is using illegal immigrants to smuggle their coke over the border. You've heard this one before: the illegals swallow a few balloons full of white china and that's their ticket into the States. Once they get there, they'll pass it, and they'll be on their merry way, right? Wrong! These mafia dudes are not into picking their product out of some guy's bowel movement, so they gun 'em down and rip open their stomachs to claim their prize. But this time around, a local Indian sees the whole thing go down, and after attempting to rescue one of the hapless immigrants, gets himself caught up in the mix and gunned down.

The smugglers leave the bodies where they lay (they have the Sherriff under their thumb), and the courageous Indian's nephew and his rough and tough companion, Max, find his dead Uncle and are determined to find out just what's going on in their part of the desert. While on the warpath, the duo encounter a mother and daughter pair out for an innocent camping trip, and of course, these dames serve as an angle on a sleepy sub-plot while the avenging duo try to foil the mafia's drug ring.

The real fun and excitement in this flick comes from the mafia crew. It turns out the Mexican mafia is just a middle man for the Italian mob up in New York, and since the Don found out that "they have Spics in the family now", there's some trouble a'brewin! These mafia characters are without a doubt stereotypical, but that's exactly how they should be: they're misogynistic, crude, violent and their vocabulary is rife with racial slurs and threats aimed at another man's genitals. My favorite of the bunch is the Mexican mafia's gun moll. She's smokin' hot, prurient and has a taste for blood—literally! Watch for the scene where she fellates the barrel of a gun! Too cruel!

This flick is such a delightful anomaly in the direct-to-video action market. The acting is way above average and never loses potency; the weapons and pyrotechnics are gratifying; and most importantly, *Desert Snow* delivers ample doses of gore and sleaze to satisfy every angle of your trashy appetite. And as if all of this weren't enough to make you chase this one down, this movie is actually laugh out loud funny, employing goofy car gags to kooky cross-dressers. The best is when the mafia's getaway car gets stuck in the sand and they use a dead body for leverage! Genius! This tape's available on the internet for about \$10, and that's a pretty good deal considering this flick will presumably never see a DVD release. But, hey, you know my stance: keep an eye out for this when you go digging. You'll get it for a buck and you'll still have some cash for tacos.

Josh Schafer

DESERT SNOW 3518

SOME SNOW CAN KILL...



DESERT SNOW

SOME SNOW CAN KILL...

Fast money, fast guns, and even faster women are the stock and trade of the international drug biz. But when they descend on a small western town, the resulting culture clash soon escalates into a full scale fight to the death with the "heroin" at its core. Starring Steve Laine, Carolyn Jacobs, Sam Macdon, and Paul Gentry. DESERT SNOW is an action-packed, set against the beautiful backdrop of the Arizona desert.



CASTING BY: JIMMYE L. HARRIS
MUSIC BY: JIMMYE L. HARRIS
COSTUME DESIGNER: JIMMYE L. HARRIS
EDITING: JIMMYE L. HARRIS
PRODUCTION DESIGNER: JIMMYE L. HARRIS
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: JIMMYE L. HARRIS
PRODUCED BY: JIMMYE L. HARRIS
WRITTEN BY: JIMMYE L. HARRIS
DIRECTED BY: JIMMYE L. HARRIS

Unrated Version
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Approx. 90 minutes

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Tarantula A.I.

This Island Earth U.I.

WAVELENGTH (1983)

New World Pictures

Director: Mike Gray

Screenwriter: Mike Gray

Embassy Home Entertainment (1984)

The opening credits certainly set the scene in this little 80s number: The military industrial complex, alien conspiracies, and government cover-ups set to the tune of the underrated 80s heavyweights Tangerine Dream. When the narrative kicks in, however, we get the sense that our genre tropes have been confused. We get a noir-esque first person narrative, but we don't really know why, and then it ends before we really figure it out. We have an angry starving artist, would-be rock star named Bob (Robert Carradine), a bit that isn't too necessary to the story, though maybe just a tease because the other lead, the narrator of our voice over, Iris, is played by Cherie Currie of The Runaways.

Thankfully, things do get back on track fairly quickly without wasting too much time on superfluous character background as the couple (Carradine and Currie, who have gotten together rather spontaneously) are on a little retreat in the Hollywood hills. Iris starts hearing a strange noise which she describes as hearing something's vague thoughts. Well, it doesn't take long for the curious couple to source the weird sounds to an old "abandoned" military science bunker hidden in the hills. It also doesn't take our heroes long to realize that, "hey, there are live plants in the windows... maybe its not abandoned." At the advice of an old man they manage to sneak in through an underground tunnel that, through some bureaucratic oversight, was never sealed off.

Now things start to get good; and it's the next 30 minutes that should be fun for sci-fi fans. The two intruders are making their way through the underground corridors and when a heartless military scientist starts dissecting a live alien, Currie feels the pain telepathically and gives out a shriek that gives them away. Currie and Carradine are locked up just like the aliens and it seems like they are all about to die as the military abandons the fort due to possible danger from the aliens, and leaves them in an underground corridor to be buried alive. But wait... we're only 40 minutes in. How will we kill the next hour?

The rest of the film follows a pretty standard escape / fugitive formula as the heroes and aliens make a dash for their lives. The movie plays to the typical military-as-bad-guys scenario, which is alright in my book and fairly well-executed here. There are also some genuinely creepy moments: getting bombarded by a bunch of military thugs in a tight dark corridor; the awakening of those little orange aliens, actually played by little bald little kids who look like leukemia patients with a bad fake tan; and the claustrophobia of the collapsing bunker.

Upon reflection, I've decided that I really enjoyed the first third of the film or so, which makes the last two thirds all the more disappointing. I wish that the whole movie would have played out in the bunker; perhaps it would have recalled the type of claustrophobic paranoia captured in *Day of the Dead*. More importantly, however, it might have actually given the writers an opportunity to fill in some of the sci-fi brain candy that we're missing. We get very vague information from Currie's telepathic communication, like "they need sun," and "they're just tourists," but we never get any real elaboration on these ideas, which is often what makes sci-fi fun. Where do they come from? Why are they here? Why can Iris communicate with them? We get lots of undeveloped ideas (their name is their whole life story; they don't eat; they only use their mouths for sex... seriously). As a sci-fi nerd these tidbits grab my curiosity, but I am left wanting more, and not in that cool, existential kind of way... just the "we skipped the second draft of the script" kind of way.

For some of our readers, I know this review is superfluous. Cherie Currie, David Carradine, and Tangerine Dream are enough to recommend it. For the rest of you, it is what it is: a bargain bin rarity that's worth a few bucks. Will it expand your mind and heighten your senses? No. Will it make you look twice at those weird little kids who live on your block? Maybe.

Ted Gilbert

EMBASSY HOME ENTERTAINMENT

Two weeks ago
they landed on Earth.
Today, beneath a
major American city,
the experiments begin...

The alien terror is here on Earth!

WAVELENGTH

"...A film that vibrates good dialogue and
shimmers with high-quality acting."

— Duane Byrge, HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

"Wavelength" has the same sentiments
as "E.T."



Robert Carradine is a rock star on the comeback living in the Hollywood Hills with his girlfriend, Cherie Currie, who hears voices, which he cannot, coming from an abandoned Air Force facility. With the aid of Keenan Wynn, a crusty old prospector that lives in his tent in the Hills, they are taken to an air shaft which leads to the so-called abandoned air base. The couple stumble on an ultrasecret government project involving aliens from outer space recovered from a recent unidentified flying object crash site. After their discovery, capture and subsequent escape, the FBI, CIA, NASA and the Army intelligence combine all their resources to find this unlikely band of Hollywood desperadoes and destroy them. A very extra-terrestrial surprise ending.

1982, Color, Running time: 87 minutes, PG

The Rosenberg Company Presents

"WAVELENGTH"

Starring ROBERT CARRADINE, CHERIE CURRIE, KEENAN WYNN

Music Composed and Performed by TANGERINE DREAM

Executive Producer MAURICE ROSENFELD

Produced by JAMES M. ROSENFELD

Written and Directed by MIKE GRAY NEW WORLD PICTURES

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© 1982 Wavelength Film Co.
© 1984 Embassy Home
Entertainment
1901 Avenue of the Stars
Los Angeles, CA 90067

bad body of the girl who befriended
way.

ah-ther! I should think a tank fr
spiders would be frightened if Marlon Br
fall among them

OMNI: THE NEW FRONTIER (THE REAL E.T. - S.E.T.I.) (1981)

OMNI Productions

Director: Andrew Carl Wilk

Screenwriter: N/A

Simitar Entertainment (1988)

Published from October of 1978 all the way up until the winter of 1995 (and available online until about '98) OMNI stands as one the most influential and unique science magazines of modern times. Their daring blend of science fact and science-fiction lifted them above contemporary science publications as they adeptly mingled interviews with renowned scientists and top experts alongside short fiction by sci-fi elite such as Orson Scott Card and Harlan Ellison, often employing the talents of H.R. Giger and Robert McCall to illustrate the authors' mindscapes. This formula brought much success for OMNI, and in turn gave them the means to create a series of short documentaries covering the same groundbreaking topics addressed in the publication.

The series was titled OMNI: The New Frontier and launched in the U.S. as a syndicated T.V. series in 1981. Fittingly hosted by the charismatic Peter Ustinov (*Logan's Run*, *Spartacus*), the shows ranged in topic from human bionics to electronic synthesizing to terraforming. The show only lasted one season, and was destined to slip into the vacuum of obscurity until a few of the episodes were released to home video in the late 80s. I can't say for sure just how many of the episodes are on video (or even how many episodes actually exist, as the documentation on these seems to be incomplete), but I did happen across this particular video, and was absolutely delighted by the contents.

Ustinov saunters onto the screen delivering some Shakespeare and the basics of the Big Bang Theory as he segues into the essence of the episode: S.E.T.I. - the Search for Extra Terrestrial Intelligence. Ustinov guides us through the various ways humans have tried to reach out into the yawning unknown, discussing the Arecibo telescope project and a fascinating formula devised by scientists that, though arguably flawed, purports that there is a possibility of over 200,000 civilizations in our known universe. An exceptional highlight from this section of the episode is an interview with sci-fi heavyweight and respected futurist Arthur C. Clarke who discusses the existence of other intelligent life in the universe.

The tape moves along using a dash of UFO sightings and abduction stories to spice up the rather scientific feel of the material, and then whisks us away on a "flying telescope" as we take an interesting look at our sun's chromosphere with a then brand new imaging technology. Using our sun as a sort of passage to the other stars around us, we're delved back into the search for intelligent life, as we are shown how radio signals are bounced around in space, just waiting for someone, or some thing, to bounce it back to us. But as they wait for that day, scientists are putting their feelers out into space. The discussion moves swiftly into perhaps the most intriguing ideas on the tape, as talks of colonizing the Moon and Mars are broached with seriousness and an eerie matter of fact tone. The minds interviewed confidently project that we will have a Moon outpost by 2005, a Mars outpost by 2015, and that this will be absolutely necessary once we deplete all of Earth's natural resources. They talk about a highly robotic and industrial community ranging from 10,000 to 50,000 people living in a bubble, and show us experiments in eco-synthesis and how they've grown plants and other small life forms in "Mars jars": air tight canisters that simulate the atmosphere on Mars. The tape rounds out with a lighthearted virtual tour of the universe as it might happen in the near future.

If you're a sci-fi nerd like me, you absolutely need to see this. If not only to see where science was in the early 80s, but to witness just how confident these learned men and women were that we were going to colonize surrounding planets. And while fanciful vacations around the universe are nonexistent (this is a bummer), we all know that our natural resources will indeed vanish someday. And when that fateful day arrives, we just may need to pull out this tape for some reference.

Josh Schafer



ARE WE ALONE IN THIS VAST UNIVERSE?



HOSTED BY:
PETER USTINOV

From the pages of the world's leading science magazine:

The exhilaration of Space exploration...
Facing the enigma of the Unknown...
When can we expect visitors from another Galaxy?
Search for Extra Terrestrial Intelligence

SETI

No science fiction fantasy—a serious NASA study
Listening for messages from other Planets...
An international pursuit of First Contact...

UFOs—Real or Imagined? Have the first Aliens landed?

If they don't answer, Earth must venture into deep space to find them...

Space Camps on Mars and the Moon...

Making Mars liveable...

Mining the Moon...

FUTURE VACATION: Tour of the Solar System

NOT RATED
Approx. 40 Min.
COLOR



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skull. Made of the bone-like handle. O and have a good time. It's long-lasting, last a long time, therefore, takes all kinds of housing. #2602 \$2

"EAT ANYTHING" T-SHIRT, Size 14, \$1.98
#2711 "EAT ANYTHING" T-SHIRT.

HUMAN SKELETON

ROCKULA (1990)

Director: Luca Bercovici

Screenwriter: Luca Bercovici, Jefery Levy and Chris Ver Wiel
Canon Video (1990)

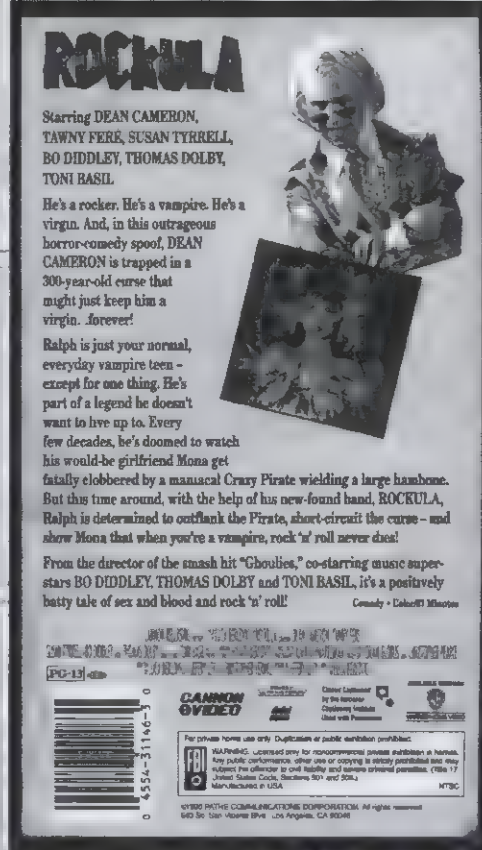
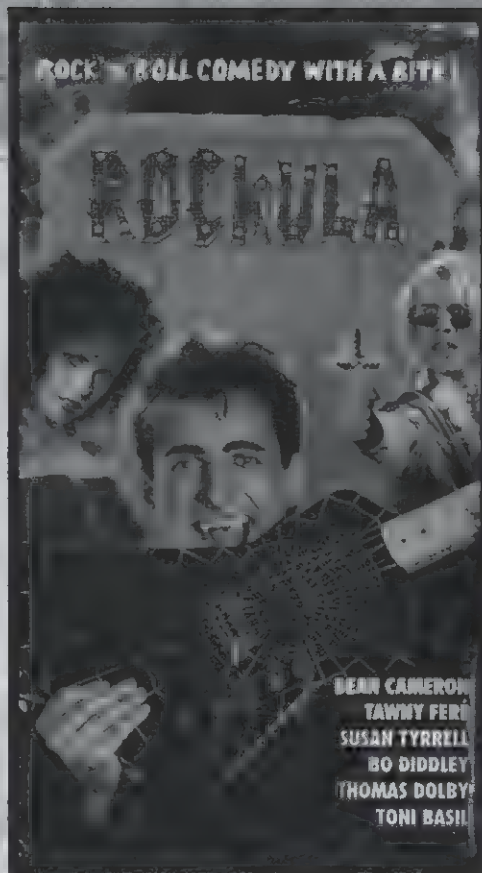
It's been long theorized that vampires have massive inferiority complexes. They work 3rd shift, get blotchy suntans, and are hated by dental hygienist worldwide. Their hair is always a mess since they can't see their own reflection, and they live with the constant fear of someone driving a stake through their heart. This is especially true in anti-vampire hot spots like Utah or at a Vince Gill Concert. Until the release of *Rockula* all this was just that: a theory, but thankfully this 90's rock opera paved the way for future vampire-posers to come out of their coffins. No longer ashamed, they are now free to "glitter" in the sunlight, date Kristen Stewart or just hang out at Denny's. The cinematic world of vampires has been changed forever.

Speaking of wussy bloodsuckers, Dean Cameron plays Ralphie: a down on his luck vampire/song writer with some major self-esteem issues. He also loves garlic, goes out during the day and gets squeamish at the sight of blood. Somewhere Dracula is rolling over in his grave. Ralphie also lives at home with his vampire mom played by ever perky Toni "don't say Hey, Mickey" Basil. When she's not gyrating around in renaissance stripper outfits, she's bringing home bald wrestlers and bathing with scuba diving midgets. It's no wonder Ralphie's only friend is his reflection. He's been stuck with a curse where every 22 years his reincarnated girlfriend, Mona gets stabbed to death by a rhinestone peg legged pirate with a hambone. This is completely ridiculous; everyone knows that pirates only use turkey legs for ritualistic killings.

After a night of heavy drinking, the latest Mona shows up once again and hits him broadside with her car. It's a hit and run when he later tracks her down as the headlining act for a cage match rock concert. Hoping to impress her, Ralphie starts up his own rock band with some strung out waitresses and blues musicians and appropriately calls it "Rockula." There's nothing that brings in the fans like a rapping Bo Diddley bursting out of spandex. Mona and Ralphie start dating and making music videos together with some grimy homeless kids but her manager Stanley (Thomas Dolby) starts getting all jealous. She must have blinded with him science! SCIENCE! Stanley not only manages bad 80's bands but also sells rotisserie coffins and voice recorded burial plots as a side gig. He learns about Ralphie's secret and is convinced by a fortuneteller to abduct Mona and store her dead body in a hyperbolic chamber for long lasting freshness. How did this guy ever get on MTV anyways? He should have just stuck to making stereo equipment. Meanwhile Ralphie tries to convince Mona about the hambone curse by shrinking into a furry midget batboy that ends up looking like an Ewok in boxers. Later that night, Stanley swoops in at the big Rockula concert grabbing Mona and forcing Ralphie to finally stand up and fight to try to save her from a fatal bone impalement. Seems like the only thing that's missing in this movie is a vampire Elvis impersonator... oh, wait... it has that, too.

Other things to keep a eye out for: sparkly pirates, mariachi bands, giant gold watches, fang retainers, falling pigs, used coffin dealers, and Mr. Clean in a tutu. Barry Goodall says sink your teeth into *Rockula* for a bloody good time... but watch out for pirates with hambones.

Barry Goodall



\$7.99

STRIPPER (1985)

Twentieth Century Fox
Director: Jerome Gary
Writer: Charles Gaines
Key Video/CBS Fox (1986)

Ahhhhh, the 1980's: The yuppies, the success, the glitz and glamour. The first time the United States saw political, economic and social stability since the 1950s, and the decade that saw the fall of the Soviet Union and thus the ending of the cold war. I can smell the aqua net now. It was a damn good decade for horror but a terrible one for sex appeal. Stripping was very much still a social taboo but thanks to the mainstreaming of the adult entertainment industry by the media it was beginning to become more widely accepted and acknowledged. Enter, *Stripper*.

Stripper, directed by Jerome Gary and written by Charles Gaines of *Pumping Iron* fame, is a documentary about the first annual Golden Thong Awards where women from around the world (around the world being the US and Canada) compete in a strip off, where the winner is crowned "Best Stripper in the World". Sounds great, right?

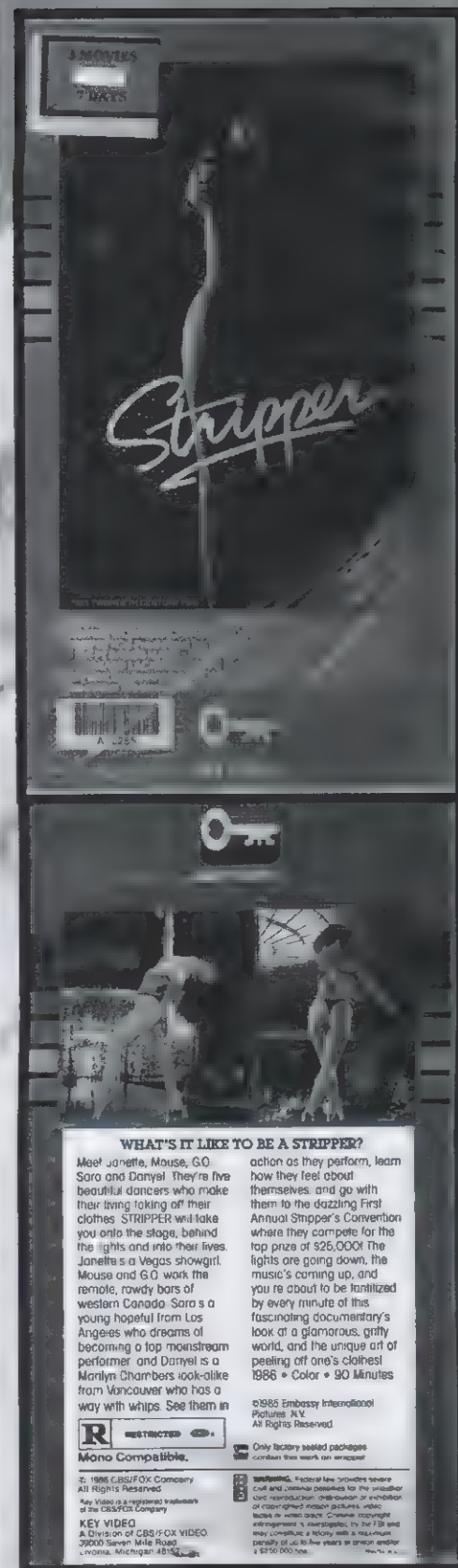
The film focuses on several women whom are training to go for the gold. For seemingly different women, they're stories are much the same. Coming from broken homes where Mother and Father didn't give them any attention, these women decided it would be best to tear off their clothes to the joy of many men. Early on, the filmmakers give time to each woman to describe her sob story that ultimately turns into a story of "empowerment" - the empowerment being tearing off their clothes to the joy of many men. The women are also quick to point out that this is their art, and showcases the love they have for dance. Sophisticated even. It's hard to find sophistication in the scene where one of the dancers dons a topless outfit of torn fishnet leggings adorned with over-sized mickey mouse-esque white gloves climbing up her legs and grabbing at her crotch like an obscene childhood fantasy. Classy all the way.

The film was engaging enough to keep my interest but the integrity of the film's documentary aspirations are dashed when scene after scene of obviously constructed encounters and conversations keep cropping up. These faked scenes are a painfully obvious attempt by the filmmakers to create drama where there is none. Maladjusted as these women may be they're awfully... well, boring. The journalistic integrity of the filmmakers is about as honest as Michael Moore's. I'm a purist about my documentaries, coming from the cinema verite' school of thought, so *Stripper* loses big points here.

And then there's what we all came for: the stripping. Now I know what you're thinking: no matter how dubious the storytelling is at least there's naked chicks, right? Yes, there is. But here's the problem: it's the 80s. Big hair, awful makeup, terrible boob jobs and repulsive gyrations that more closely resemble an epileptic fit rather than sexual seduction. Remember this is the decade that porn forgot. There's a reason why Chuck Palahniuk's novel "Survivor" features a landfill of pornography from that dubious decade.

The competition itself is laughable at best. One of girls does an act of a post apocalyptic android dancing on a jungle gym of metal. She moves slowly, prances around on the assemblage of metal and shows off just how muscular she is. Yeesh. Or how about the girl that's into S&M and dances in a painfully 80's dominatrix outfit and hits herself with a whip with costume blood on it, so at the end she either looks like a victim of domestic abuse or of a malfunctioning feminine product. Yeesh again. The coolest one was a girl who comes out in a coffin and the proceeds to play with fire, not because it's attractive but because at least fire is fun to look at. The winner, however, wasn't faked. How do I know this? Because the winner was a woman they didn't follow for the documentary. Oops. So instead of having a triumphant ending we get a somber one, which really hurts the film's overall appeal. I'm sure the filmmakers were much more disappointed than I was, though. Don't expect a DVD release of this anytime soon, or ever. Was *Stripper* fun to watch? Sure. Was it titillating? Nope. But it is perfect for an evening of trashy entertainment under the guise of legitimate investigative journalism.

Jacob Gustafson



DUDES (1987)

Vista Organization

Director: Penelope Spheeris

Screenwriter: Randall Johnson

IVE Home Video (1987)

Some of the more detail oriented Videovores out there will probably recognize Penelope Spheeris' name for directing the pervasive and ever potent comedy classics *Wayne's World* and *Black Sheep* in the early and mid-90s. But before Spheeris was crafting uproarious blockbusters, she had an influential hand in exploring the punk rock mindset on the big screen with such fringe classics as *Suburbia*, a little punk rock doc called *The Decline of Western Civilization* (and its sequels) and a curiously overlooked little gem thick with punk rock sensibilities and loaded with good fun entitled *Dudes*.

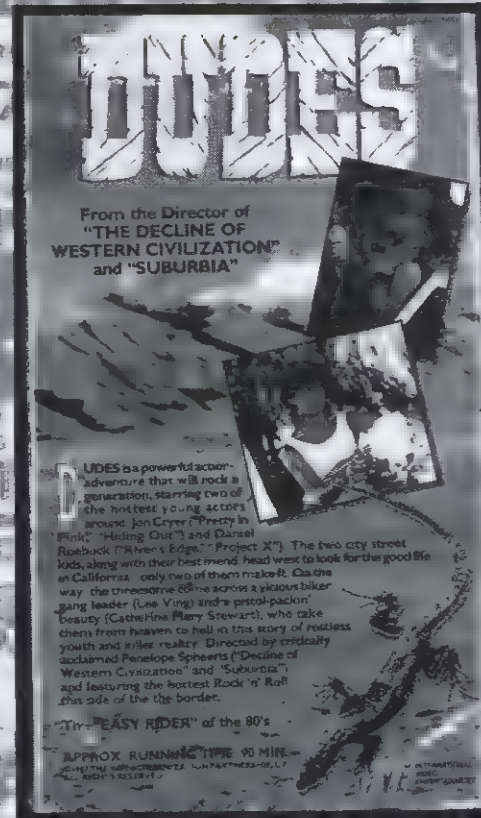
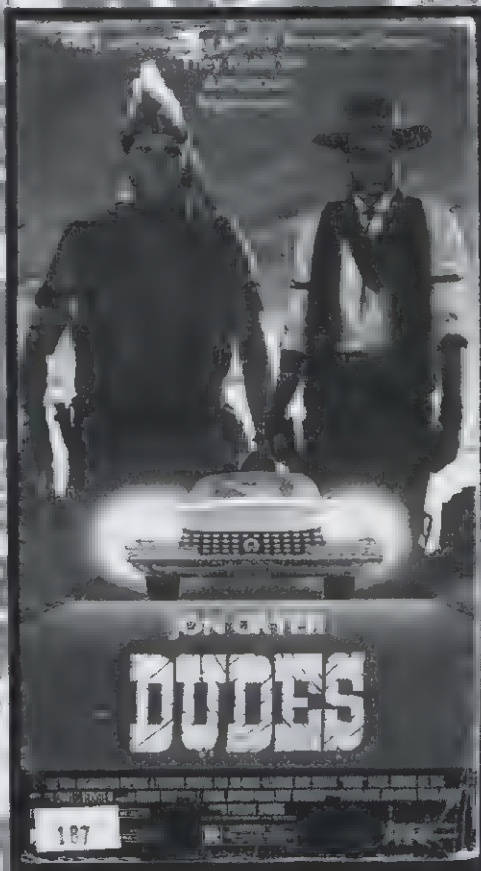
Dudes opens up with a boisterous scene featuring punk rock stalwarts The Vandals performing "Urban Struggle" as a swarm of punks mash and thrash each other across the floor. Great way to kick off a flick, huh? Damn straight! We are then introduced to a group of three apathetic and snarky punks: the boyish but clever Grant, played by Jon Cryer (*Pretty in Pink*), the mohawk wielding, ever-questioning Biscuit played by Daniel Roebuck (*River's Edge*, *Terror Eyes*), and the good-hearted but naive Milo played by the always fun to watch Flea from the Chili Peppers. The dudes begrudgingly dwell in New York, desperately waiting for something to break their ennui. Then Milo gets an idea: they should bust outta' this shithole and go out west. He's got some cash, and hey, what the hell do they have to lose? Biscuit's hesitant, of course, but Grant's quick to let him know that his dishwashing job isn't exactly a confining career. Biscuit obliges and the dudes are en route with hopes of finding something to live for out west.

Things are looking up as they make their way across the country until the boys decide to camp in the desert somewhere in Arizona, and are besieged by a group of rednecks (the punks mortal enemy) led by a shotgun toting miscreant named Missoula (played with style by Lee Ving). A feverish chase ensues through the desert and the dudes are robbed of all their cash; but Milo isn't about to sit back and let these pick-up drivin', mullet sporting dildos ruin their trip. He battles back against Missoula and pays for it with his life. Grant and Biscuit see Milo gunned down in cold blood and are forced to flee for their own lives. Of course, the fuzz aren't interested in helping them and spout off lines like, "Well, maybe this wouldn't have happened if you looked more like normal people" and "We're sick of you big city people coming out here and making us look like backwoods hicks" or some tired shit like that. Figures, right? Damn the man!

The boys are devastated and broke, and are forced to retreat back to NY. But suddenly, Grant whips their VW bug around and vows to avenge his friend's death. For the first time in his life, Grant has a reason to live. He and Biscuit then set out on a mission of pure vengeance where they run into a cast of characters including a pistol slinging, super-badass gas station attendant played by Catherine-Mary Stewart (*Night of the Comet*), a multi-talented, bull-fighting Elvis impersonator, and a gang of ghostly cowboys with a mystic message, all of them lending hand to the duo as they stampede down the trail of revenge.

This film, while arguably a little uneven at times, is an absolutely unique entry in genre film, and the voracious Videovore would do themselves good to implement this one into their VCR's diet. Not only because of the bright cast's chemistry and consistently entertaining performances, but Spheeris' ability to meld the aspects of a road movie, an off-beat buddy comedy and a classic revenge flick all into one is truly something special. The laughs are abundant, the action's exciting and the idea of a pair of once-passive punks realizing that life's about creating your own adventure makes *Dudes* a fulfilling and thoroughly enjoyable ride. I've seen a DVD version of this flick running around on a couple internet merchant sites, but it looks to be a total bootleg. Until this bad boy gets released with some commentary from Spheeris and company, the VHS is the only way to watch it.

Josh Schafer



SAVE TIME! TURN THE PAGE FOR
AMERICA'S HOBBY CENTER MONS TER DEPT
146 WORDS FROM BISCUIT
PLEASE PRINT NAME & ADDRESS PLAINLY
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THE MOHAWK EXPERIENCE!

AN INTERVIEW WITH DANIEL ROEBUCK BY david j. moore

Some actors seem ever-present in our movie consciousness. Daniel Roebuck is one of those actors. He's been in *River's Edge* (1986), *The Fugitive* (1993), *Final Destination* (2000), all four of Rob Zombie's live-action films to date, a regular star on TV's *Matlock* and *Nash Bridges*, and a recurring star on the smash favorite, *Lost*. Some of his earlier films like *Cavegirl* (1985) and *Terror Eyes* (1989) remain on the cult radar, and his starring role in the 1987 Penelope Spheeris ode to punk-rock revenge, *Dudes* (1987), is a performance and a film worth talking about.

djm: *Dudes* is such a wacky movie! Randy Johnson, the guy that wrote it, must have been involved in the punk rock music scene when he wrote this.

DR: Randy was a great guy. He was the least punk guy I knew. He was very smart, and ultimately he started his own label. I think he wrote *The Doors* for Oliver Stone. We spent a lot of time together. He was around the set, which wasn't common.

djm: What did you think of the script when you received it? Did you think, "Oh, this is just a road movie?"

DR: It's definitely a road movie. I remember the process of auditioning. They couldn't find the guy to play my character. They saw some guy on *The Phil Donohue Show* in the audience that they thought looked like the character and they tried to track him down. I remember Penelope Spheeris, the director, was interested in Clayton Rohner from *Just One of the Guys* for the role of Grant. He was doing really well then. Maybe Charlie Sheen was mentioned. But then *Pretty in Pink* came out, and Jon Cryer became really popular. He was very knowledgeable about music. Still to this day I don't understand anything about the punk rock scene.

djm: How was your character described in the script?

DR: I think he was described as a heavy-set guy with a

rainbow Mohawk, but we decided against that. At that time in the 1980's, there were about 10 fat guys I would see at every audition. I would see Michael Zorek, Googy Gress, and Stephen Lee all the time. If the character would have to be kind of tough and kind of sensitive, I would maybe be the choice for that type of character. I think Penelope may have seen all types for this role, but ultimately I got the part.



djm: Penelope Spheeris had done *Suburbia* and *The Boys Next Door* before *Dudes*, so she was doing some pretty diverse movies at that time. What was she like to work with?

DR: Oh, I loved her. She was punky, sexy... perhaps sometimes she would get weary with my complete lack of understanding of that culture. She was kind of a punk queen and she had a great grasp of that heavy metal culture. I always enjoyed her. For the most part we got along.

djm: Do you remember how big of a production this was?

DR: This was a medium-sized budgeted movie. I think it was about 6 or 7 million dollars; but now that I think about it, did it ever make back its money? Of all the things I've done in my life, I think maybe I got one residual check for this film. It was about six or seven weeks to make it. We shot in Arizona and in Los Angeles. One of the last places we shot in was Flagstaff. The stuff at the rodeo was fun. The first night of shooting was the fight in the Chinese restaurant. I remember the guy who beats us up was so big. I think he doubled for Schwarzenegger in the first *Terminator*.
djm: All of your outfits were so unique in the film. You're the one everyone remembers when they think of the film.

DR: Well, I don't know. Johnny [Cryer] had that Sid Vicious hair. How'd you like that reference? I made it sound like I know about punk rock! Well, I was the fattest guy in the movie. I've got an Indian outfit and



L TO R: CRYER, SPHEERIS & ROEBUCK

a Mohawk. I credit our wardrobe department for coming up with all of that. You know, it's so fun because I go with whatever's good for the show. I go with the flow. There's a couple things that I've had a problem with over the years, though. I had to shave my chest for an episode of *Nash Bridges*. I had to dress up like a transvestite, and I was fine with that, with putting on a dress and putting on make-up, I was fine with everything, but then they said, "Well, you'll have to shave your chest." I said [in a woman's voice], "What? I have to shave my chest? I'm not doing that!" But getting that Mohawk was... well, it's not me. That was a hell of an experience. They had to cut my hair and dye it brown on the sides. I went to a woman named Suga in L.A. and she weaved my hair when weaving was extremely new. It was 12 hours of her pulling my hair, and one time they had to fly her out to us while we were doing the movie to redo the weave. It was the only way to do it. Nowadays they would just glue it in. Once it was all done, I wanted to relax, but there were only two ways to relax and that was to put your head to the right or to the left. I remember it was aggravating because I didn't want to walk around like that either. If I put a wig on, I looked like someone who was going through therapy. That was an experience. People would roll their eyes when I would roll in. That was the point of the movie, too. Someone like that wouldn't be seen in Arizona, but Hollywood Boulevard...

djm: Can you explain the scene where you become an Indian? I'm still not sure what that was about?

DR: I haven't seen the movie in a long time.

djm: You pick up a bow and arrow and shoot it perfectly.

DR: (Laughs)

djm: You have a flashback to the Civil War, too.

DR: One thing I remember about that scene was that I was having a very bad diarrhea problem. We shot that up in the mountains. I think it was in Cottonwood. We had all those Indians, and it had rained the night before, so our trailers got stuck way down the road. All I had was a tent and no place to go to the bathroom. I kept telling a friend, "I'm not gonna make

it!" We had re-enactors who were all very nice. Now everyone's so goddamn politically correct that you couldn't put me in that Indian costume today. Back then, everyone was grateful for the opportunity - we were actors. The point of that was that I envisioned myself as a Native American and thus became a Native American. You could also argue that my character had never seen a Native American outside of a movie, and so he imagined himself as a movie Indian. That's the first thing I would assume. I don't know if that was Penelope's idea. I remember that day specifically because when you're five miles from a toilet and you've got to use one every ten minutes, things get memorable.

djm: Part of this movie's charm is the wackiness of events that just go unexplained. I like that about the movie. What can you tell me about Jon Cryer?

DR: Aw, I love him. Jon is one of the greatest guys ever. He's still a friend, although I don't get to see him very often. He's an actor adept at drama, but he's so great at comedy. We'd laugh together all through the movie. We were sent to Fillmore, California for about a month to learn horseback riding. We would go off every Sunday, and we were taught how to ride horses. We even had to clean up after them; that was part of the experience. Afterwards, we would go and grab A & W root beers. I had a great time with Flea, too; but he was only there for a short time. He became very successful. Catherine Mary Stewart was great, too. She had done so many movies like *The Last Starfighter* and *Night of the Comet*. She's still beautiful. I remember that her part was written as an older woman. A cougar. There was interest in Beverly D'Angelo to play that part. Cathy was a really good actress and so gorgeous. She had to learn to fast draw. When we were shooting those scenes of shooting the bottles, Chuck Connors came to the set because his son was working on the film. It was cool to have *The Rifleman* visit our western set. I also remember that we had a gas station set and people would drive up to it, expecting to get gas, but I guess they couldn't see the cameras around or the fat guy with the Mohawk - there was no gas there.

djm: That scene at the beginning where you're in the mosh pit looks pretty realistic. Do you have a story about that?



HORSIN' AROUND ON SET!

DR: Yeah, the slamdance sequence. It was shot at a real punk rock club in downtown L.A. I had a stuntman to do the dive, and he was much more hip than I was. I remember when we slamdanced it was a little rough. They had cameras set up all around, and before the next shot, we asked if the extras could take it easy on us for the next take. The assistant director got on the loudspeaker and said, "Oh, hold on, uh, everyone: Please be careful with the stars of the movie! You've got to be careful!" As he was saying it, Jon Cryer and I looked at each other and went, "Oh, fuck." The next time we went out on the dance floor, they killed us! They knocked us around, punched us in the head, they killed us. It was maybe the most strenuous thing I'd ever done up to that point in my life. So the stuntman went in, and the extras who were all real punk rockers, didn't realize that he wasn't me, and some guy punches him in the back of the head - and we have this on film - the stuntman turns around and punches the guy in the face: WHA-POW! It was rough. The stuntman wasn't gonna take it. I never knew how hard that lifestyle was.

djm: How do you feel about the tone of the movie? It turns violent all of a sudden and maintains an odd tone from then on.

DR: Yeah, when Flea gets taken out, that was not comedy. Jon and I are funny guys, so we just played the tone as best we could. We knew we were funny, but you're right: the tone does get serious. There was the hallucinogenic aspect, too. I have no answers to that. This movie has not stood the test of time.

djm: The back of the video box reads, "Dudes is a powerful action-adventure that will rock a generation." Do you think this movie rocked a generation?

DR: I dunno. I guess not. I think a generation might be overstating it. I think we rocked maybe seven or eight thousand people. I think people who like offbeat stories will like it. This represents a moment in cinematic history. There were movies of that time like *Repo Man* where the main characters had angst who were like, "I'm a punk rocker, I'm a slut, or I'm a con man, or a repo man," but now it's much more romantic, and it's, "I'm a vampire." The movies have a common theme. *Dudes* is, despite what they wrote on the back of the box, a movie about guys growing up and taking responsibility, but then it becomes a revenge story.

djm: You did another little-seen movie called *Terror Eyes* that I thought I'd mention. You played the devil in it. What do you recall about the making of this film?

DR: Eric Parkinson worked for A.I.P. (Action

International Pictures) and had some deal going with them, and he had bought some student films, three of them. Stephen Sommers did one of them. I was relatively famous when I did this movie. It's the only time I got to play a monster - I played the devil - and so we shot the wraparound story in two days. Eric directed the wrap segment. We were friends then and we still are. This movie is a movie done by a bunch of friends. One funny thing is that there's a scene where I'm taking a piss in the woods, and evidently I was standing in poison ivy, and I transferred the poison ivy from my hand to my crotch, and when I went to Montana to film *Disorganized Crime* a few days later, I saw an old doctor who told me, "I've never seen poison ivy in person!" because they don't have poison ivy in Montana.

djm: Dan, I'm sure the readers of *Lunchmeat Magazine* would like to know something about your incredible one-of-a-kind museum collection. You have the most amazing collection of vintage monster toys I've ever seen.

DR: Well, I've actually decided to close my museum down. I've watched one episode of *Hoarders* too many. My collection was a product of my twelve-year-old mind. One day I realized that my own son was about to turn thirteen, and here I am still

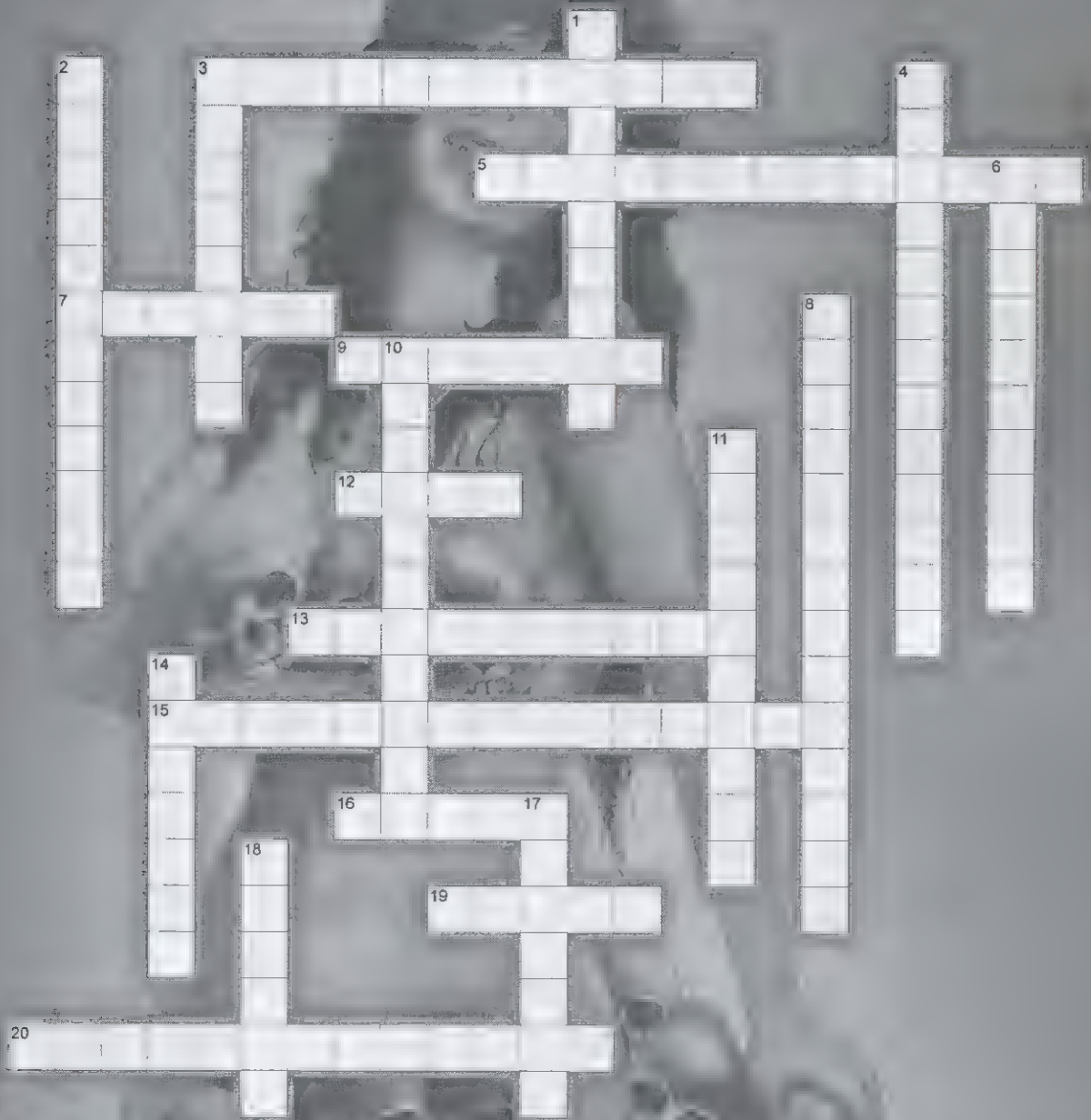
celebrating my twelve-year-old self. I just felt like I was becoming known as "the guy with the collection" and so I've sold stuff out of it, and I'm hoping to do a documentary about why I'm getting rid of it. People can still see the entire collection on DANIELROEBUCK.COM or on Daniel Roebuck's fan page on Facebook. I invited it all and I liked it all, but I just didn't see myself at 65 still giving tours of my stuff.



**BE SURE TO VISIT WWW.DANIELROEBUCK.COM
TO VIEW HIS GROOVY HOUSE OF HORRORS!**

THE CROSSWORD TROLL IS QUITE THE LADYKILLER...

And he's managed to capture some of our favorite Scream Queens. Are you just going to sit by and let him have 'em all for himself? Hell no is right! Complete the crossword with all of the correct answers, send it in to the address below, and you'll receive a bundle of surprise goodies! For those Videovores who choose not to deface their zine, photocopies are completely acceptable. Remember: all of the answers pertain to Scream Queens! Goodood luck, Fiends!! The Troll says you'll need it!!



Across

3. You don't have to go to Texas for this kind of massacre
5. Dava's beauty in black-and-white
7. You can't kill a werewolf with the Silver Bullets she was slinging
9. King Kong's main squeeze
12. Often the setting and the aesthetic, sometimes both
13. For Hammer films, she often showed her big pair of...fangs!
15. Just call her Billie!
16. The Queens (usually) had two: the movies had lots.
19. Somebody get some light over here: she's taking off her clothes again!
20. Had a "monster" rack in Mausoleum

Down

1. Thanks to this, a corpse stayed perfectly coifed
2. The true "Giallo Regina"
3. These babes were in the Slimeball Bowl-O-Rama and the Dance-A-Thon of Death
4. Attacked by giant leeches and a giant woman
6. She was Repossessed in 1990
8. She Strode into horror on Halloween
10. This Queen's Father is the King of Italian horror
11. Showers were never the same after her
14. The original "Glamour Ghoul"
17. The material for a killer workout
18. Nobody pounded out more glamour than

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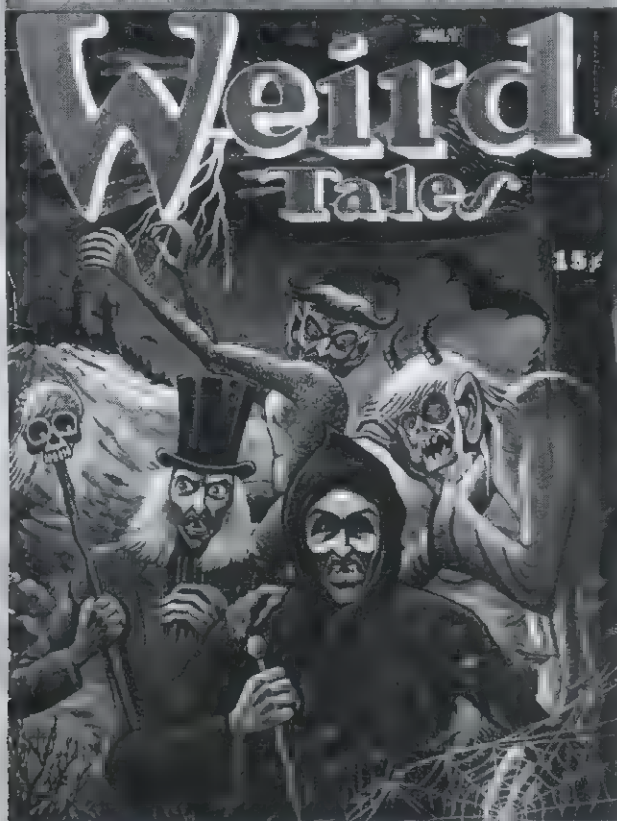
INCLUDE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS
AND T-SHIRT SIZE

THE TROLL DEMANDS YOUR ENTRY!

WELCOME TO

PULP MYSTERY

Weird Tales, July, 1946



Ostensibly this review is of the July 1946 issue of *Weird Tales*; however, I feel incapable of commenting on just a single issue of this all-important horror institution, especially since the issues that I would really love to blab about are out of my price range and hard to come by. Yet, despite their high price tag and elusive nature, I am often shocked to find how under-acknowledged in the horror world the whole of the *Weird Tales* cannon tends to be. For these reasons I am going to get a little sloppy here and use a review column to write a bastardized feature that may seem a little lopsided. Deal with it.

In modern fantasy circles, *Weird Tales* is rightly adored. Famous for printing the imaginative mythologies of H.P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, Clark Ashton Smith, August Derleth, and later, Robert Bloch and Ray Bradbury, weird fiction enthusiasts have long been in the know. Horror fans, however, have never quite given this publication the credit it deserves for making horror what it is today.

Never relying on camp gimmicks, *Weird Tales* delivered pure, unadulterated and

unapologetic horror to youths and adults alike - month after month - for over thirty years. It stopped publication in the 50s, but now it's back and as good as ever.

Literarily, I've already glossed over the highlights, but it is important to understand what a significant niche this magazine carved out. This wasn't science fiction, not in the robots and rockets sense; but it wasn't horror in the vampires and werewolves sense either. It was a more cosmic, more nihilistic idea of horror that involved eldritch ones, hidden realms of space and time, vague unnamable horrors that one couldn't put one's fingers on.

The Italian splatter genre helmed by Lucio Fulci owes perhaps its strongest debt not to the American zombie films but to the aesthetic established by *Weird Tales*, namely abstract



A town of unfathomable evil, an unbeating and unholy place. . .



**"Shonokin Town" by
Manly Wade Wellman**

horrors, a preoccupation with atmosphere, and an attitude that is always earnest and passionate.

Weird Tales made its impact visually, as well. Its covers were never gaudy or flashy, but they were always striking, alluring, and unsettling. This was thanks primarily to the talents of Margaret Brundage: the original fetish artist who set the mold for so many to come. Never before had horror been presented in such an extremely morbid - yet undeniably sexy - way, and it is without a doubt that no drug store would have dared stock copies of the 30s covers two decades later.

Now let's turn to this 40s sampling from my humble collection and let's start with the cover. This offering from Matt Fox, who created nearly a dozen *Weird Tales* covers and was responsible for many more interiors, is perhaps more juvenile than the classic Brundage offerings, but it is characteristically dark, morbid, and well... weird.

The reason I bought this issue was for the Ray Bradbury story. It is a short story called "The Night." Though it has been reprinted, it remains one of the harder Bradbury stories to come across and it is curiously dark and haunting and uniquely written in the second person. I find something very exhilarating about reading the original stories in the original context, as if I can catch a small

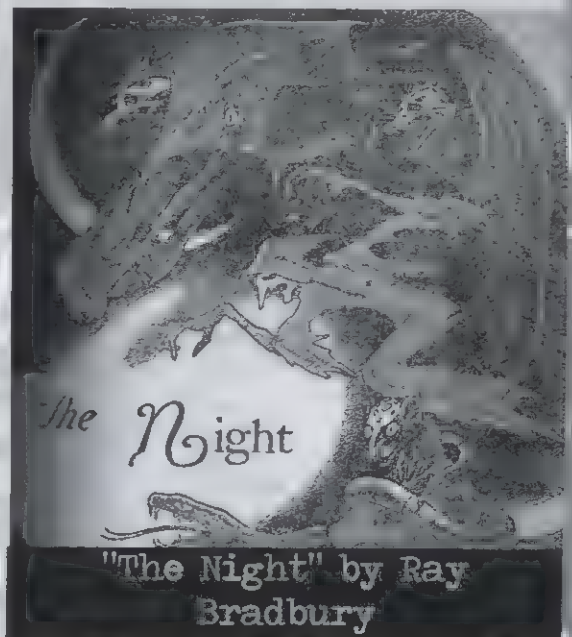
glimpse of what it would be like to discover these authors before they were the household names that they are now. It's somehow easier to ignore all pretensions and preconceptions when you read the stories in yellowing paper surrounded by ads for body building books.

In addition to the Bradbury yarn, this issue is packed with stories: ten pieces of fiction and four poems. The issue is headlined by the two "novelettes," "Shonokin Town" by Manly Wade Wellman, and "Catpaws," a Jules de Grandin mystery by Seabury Quinn.

Unfortunately both of these authors are much more difficult to find in print than contemporaries like Bradbury. Although these authors were among the most popular in the genre when they were being published they have since drifted into obscurity. However, the work that each of them did in creating supernatural and horror themed adventure characters played a crucial role in shaping these genres into what they are today. This magazine features Wellman's John Thunstone, a playboy supernatural adventurer, as well as Quinn's most popular character: Jules de Grandin, an early occult detective.

As mentioned earlier in this piece, *Weird Tales* is still alive thanks to Wildside Press and Editor Ann VanderMeer. They continue to push the boundaries of the strange and esoteric while staying firmly rooted in the history of the weird. It is a rare but pleasant occasion when I can use *Lunchmeat* to recommend something that is both new and old and equally valuable. Find these classic issues wherever you can - eBay, flea markets, conventions, etc. so that these amazing and unique stories continue to be told, but be sure to also look for new issues of *Weird Tales*. It is rare to find something produced in today's market for a modern audience that continues to do things so right.

Ted Gilbert



The Night

**"The Night" by Ray
Bradbury**



Conan. Thundarr. The countless Conan rip-offs. We Videovores love them. And, really, what's not to love? The epic and stormy battles, the bodacious barely-clothed babes, the total disregard for reality... And even if the flick itself ends up being a shoestring budget, vapid rehash of something we've seen 3,499,494 times before, there's still one thing that can redeem it: the totally bitchin' and over-the-top video cover! Here are a few of our favorite Barbarian covers from our collection. Now if you'll excuse me, I gotta catch this camel to Hyboria. 🐪



The Barbarians (1991)

Media Home Entertainment / Dist. By Video Treasures

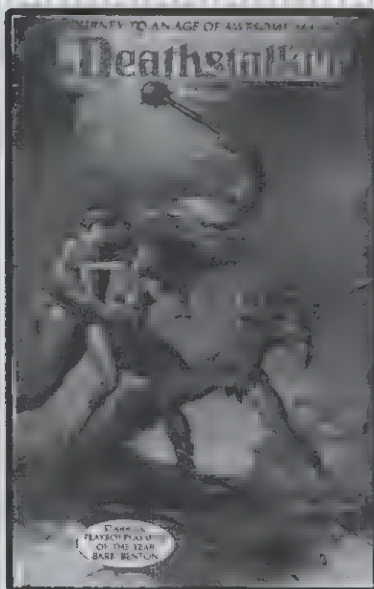
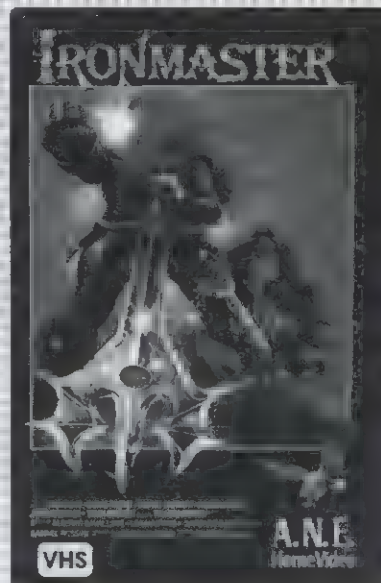
The Barbarian Bros. ruled the land because they knew where to find (tight) perms and (cheap) steroids. And they didn't give a shit if their loincloths were a little too tight.

Ironmaster (1985)

A.N.E Home Video /

Dist. By Prism Entertainment

So what if this guy's face is just an orb of ominous light? Just one look at his super-bad-ass limb cleaver and it's all over. Chicks dig custom weaponry.



Deathstalker (1984)

Vestron Video

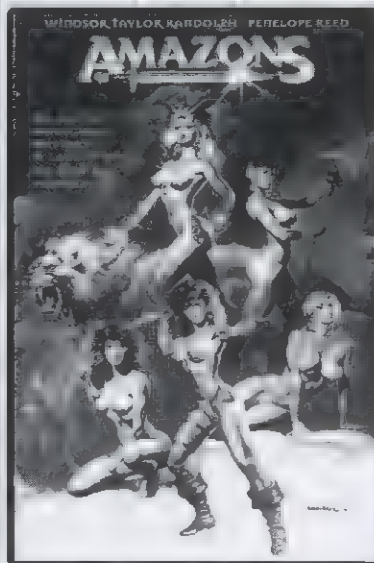
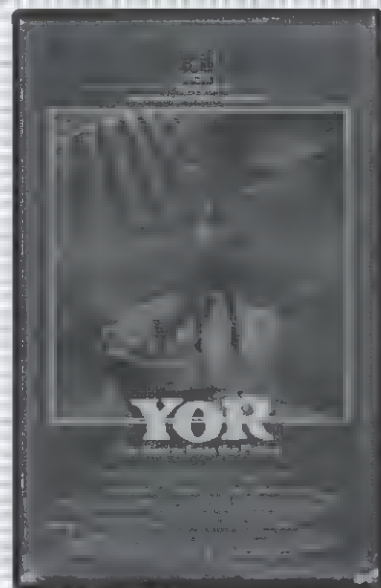
This is the epitome of what a Barbarian cover should be. We wanna party with you, Ogre Duder! We'd also love to see the scene following this one. One of these characters will undoubtedly be missing a head.

Yor: The Hunter from the Future (1983)

RCA/Columbia Pictures

Home Video

Suddenly, Yor realized he forgot his wallet on the spaceship.;;



Amazons (2001)

New Concorde Video

These ladies sure put the "bare" in barbarians, huh? Only thing that would make this cover better is if there were lasers shooting out of their nipples!

BIG BOOBS, BLUE BALLS & NERD VIRGINS



THE RULES, REGULATIONS & ARCHETYPES OF THE 80s TEEN SEX COMEDY

For anyone who came of age in the video era, there are distinct genres and sub genres that imprinted themselves in your young, hormonal mind. One of the biggest is undoubtedly the T&A sex comedy. This sub genre was not really new at all by 1980 and in fact has some pre-Hays Code lineage dating back to the Roaring 20's. Yet, being a child of both the VHS age and the emerging pay cable TV market, these films with their any excuse for nudity, often sunny locales, dumb jocks and virginal nerds that somehow end up getting more poontang than the hunky/stupid frat-rats, have definitely left their mark in my mind. Some would say it's a skid mark, but a mark nonetheless!

One could write a whole book on the subject, so for brevity's sake, we will examine a handful of some of the more overlooked films in the genre. WARNING! The following may lower your IQ and get you involved in random harebrained schemes for the sole sake of nookie. You have been warned.

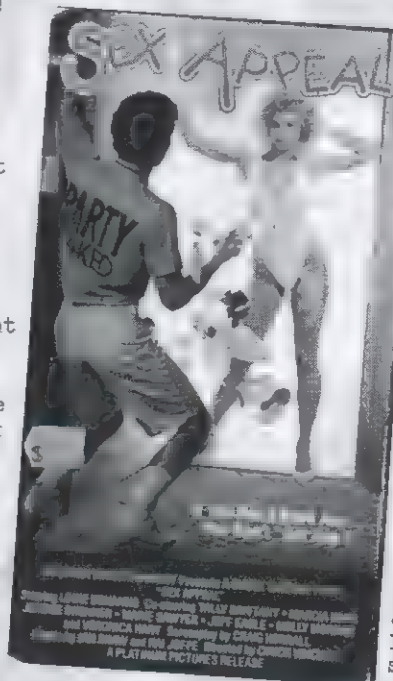
The first film on the list is Chuck Vincent's *Sex Appeal*. Vincent's name might be familiar to you fringe film enthusiasts out there since he helmed some of the best adult features from the 1970's and 80's, including *Roommates*, *Jack and Jill* and *In Love*. Ironically, his adult features are miles ahead of the "legit" fare, featuring good actors, great scripts and something resembling an actual budget. But guess what? We're stuck with the less brainy and yet mysteriously more respectable step-cousin.

Speaking of which, *Sex Appeal* begins with one of the biggest cardinal rules of sex comedies: the unlucky and "hilariously" awkward nerd, with our protagonist Tony Canneloni (Louie Bonanno).

Tired of being a sexually frustrated schlub, Tony decides to take action by obtaining a How-to guide called, fittingly enough, *Sex Appeal*. He soon gets to put it to good use when he moves out of his parents' home after having a failed bathroom masturbation session thanks to Mom's meddling. (Keep in mind, Tony is in his early-mid 20's) He lucks upon a crappy, run-down NYC loft, complete with one of those hide-a-beds in the wall and per the instructions, remodels it into an 80's style den of lust. Complete with a wet bar, neon lights, badass stereo system and collection of VHS porn. This entails one of the standard regulations of this sub genre, which

is the remodeling musical montage. Hard work is always better and more fun with a good music laden montage. It's a fact. This also leads to another golden rule of sex comedies 80's style, which is the nerd make-over. Tony goes from looking like a young, awkward guy to looking like a young, awkward guy who dresses like a coke dealer. If I have learned anything from Sally Jessy Raphael, it is that makeovers rarely work. Daytime TV lies, just like the government and Easy Cheese.

While he begins to forge his new life as a single sex god, he encounters one of the biggest sex comedy archetypes: the mysterious lady of ultimate physical attraction. Usually this is a blonde but occasionally a brunette. In this case, she's a blonde and a successful model on top of that. Luckily for Tony, she also happens to be one of his neighbors! Is he able to smooth operate his skills into her Macy's day panties? Well, if it was going to be that easy, then the film would only be 30 minutes long. And of course, his various ploys to woo her end up with "comedic" results.



The book, while not much of a help with landing his dream girl, does score him the company of some lovely ladies, including a hot-to-trot coworker (and her jealous boyfriend), a chatty and daffy blonde named Bunny (the adorable Merle Michaels) and inexplicably lands two sexually insane hotties in the form of Samantha Fox (under the name Stacia Micula) and Taija Rae. Tony is the ultimate nerd since most straight guys would sell their first born for such a pleasure but instead he whines and looks scared. There's also a funny subplot with his aspiring writer landlord making a mint with his stories based on all the sex he thinks Tony is getting.

If you're wondering if Tony ever does get his dream girl, then, baby, you have obviously never watched one of these films. One of the biggest cardinal rules is that the nerd always gets the hot, "unattainable" girl.

Sex Appeal, all snarking aside, is a cute film with a likable cast and fairly low on the annoying jock/mook factor, which is a bit of a rarity for these type of films. It's also a treat for anyone into late 70's and early 80's adult films. In addition to the aforementioned Rae, Fox, Michaels and Jeffrey Hurst as the landlord, there is also Johnny Nineteen, Candida Royalle, Gloria Leonard and Veronica Hart.



From the fun to the fucking horrible, up next we have arguably the most famous film in this article, *Fraternity Vacation*. Seriously, this film is the Chinese water torture of sex comedies, unfortunately snagging likable actors like Stephen Geoffreys and Charles Rocket in its web of retardation.

Continuing with the rule of the nerd, we have Geoffreys as Wendell, a small framed freshman from Iowa State whom due to his parents' money, gets to tag along with two asshole frat guys whom we are presumably

supposed to like. They are both generic but one of them is nicknamed "Mother" and is played by Tim Robbins. If it wasn't for those two facts, I would not remember that much. Does this bode well? Heck no.

It's Spring Break time and the boys go from the cold lands of Iowa to the colorful, sunny lands of Palm Springs, California. (Palm Springs? What are they? Retirees?) Turns out the boys are being (barely) nice to Wendell for two reasons, both of which are completely shallow. One is that they get to crash at one of his nephew/cousin/uncle's sweet condo and second is that Wendell's dad has promised them a hot tub for their frat house if his son is able to score with the ladies. So in addition to our virgin nerd rule, we also have the parental interference one as well. While not nearly as creepy as Tony's horny dad and overbearing mother, Wendell's folks have a stake in their son's personal life and have obviously sheltered the poor lad. Of course at least he is still a decent human being, unlike the walking scrotums he is rooming with.

In no time, the rule of the golden girl comes into play, though with the slight twist of having the guys and not Wendell, notice and ogle the slim, bronzed blonde who is way out of their league. In the film, we are supposed to believe that this is because she is beautiful and wealthy, but the reality it is that she has a pulse and a modicum of a soul.

Since the boys are really wanting that hot tub, they decide to give Wendell a make-over, set to Bananarama's "Shy Boy." Since this film is one of many poor man's *Revenge of the Nerds* ripoffs, we would never be lucky enough to get something by The Gleaming Spires. Oh, well. Anyways, true to the nerd makeover rule, there is little improvement and oddly enough, he pretty much looks the same throughout the rest of the movie. What was the whole point, then? Of course, to emphasize how "hilarious" Wendell's awkwardness is, we get a shot of him knocking over a mannequin. How funny. Almost as funny as war and finding out that the sandwich you have halfway finished is moldy on the other side.

Of course, keeping true to the college-oriented sex

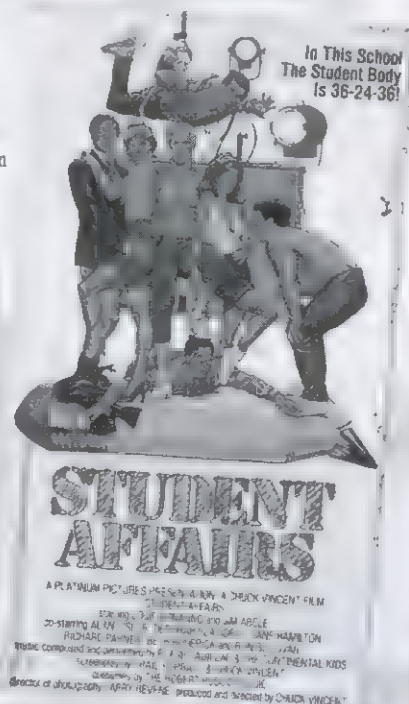
comedy, Wendell's "friends" have frat rivals that are conveniently in town, because they too are lame enough to bypass places like Daytona or Panama City. So we have the regulation that if there is one frat in the film, there will either be another frat or an outsider group to duke it out with. The battle plan? Whoever gets to bed the mysterious and "major league" blonde first, pays the other a 1,000 dollars. Wendell is unknowing of all this and is busy courting a young Amanda Bearse, who ends up being kind of a weirdo with an asshole, authority figure father who doubles as the police chief. This is another rule of these films is that more often than not, there is going to be some uptight, pain in the ass authority figure trying to ruin the heroes and everyone else's good times.

Meanwhile, various borderline to flat out illegal tactics are used, including peeping, taking naked photos of the dream blonde and then doctoring the photos to make it look like something happened that didn't. And that's on the protagonist side! The "villains" resort to attempted rape and doctored audiotapes. Nothing like the lighthearted side of stalking and sexual assault! The final rule that comes into play is Wendell and the dream girl coming together. So he loses his virginity and the audience is left wondering what they ever did for the filmmakers to hate them so much.

This film is so bad it makes one long for such classics as *Lunch Wagon*. Geoffreys is typically great and manages to inject some heart and humanity into his 2-D character, in stark contrast to everyone else. If someone had told me that the guy playing "Mother" would go on to make legitimately great fare like *Bob Roberts*, I would have slapped their face and told them to get off of my porch! This film is in dire need of William Zabka. Charles Rocket is also great, even though he is basically around long enough to collect a check and get the hell out of Dodge.

The one great thing about a film like *Fraternity Vacation* is that whatever you watch afterwards will look awesome. Luckily the one I did watch after it was pretty good and a definite twist on the genre. The film in question? Chuck Vincent's *Student Affairs*. This is a film that will probably seem a bit misleading. The title alone is classic T&A 80's fare, making the viewer think of such past films as the Sylvia Kristel film *Private Lessons* or even *My Tutor*. What you actually get is something of a different animal.

It takes almost half of the running time for the film to really pick up, but once it does it ends up paying off well. This one is a bit of a rare breed, since



it is basically a meta-sex comedy. Consider this one to be the soul-salve after *Fraternity Vacation*. *Student Affairs* is basically a movie within a movie, even poking fun at the stereotypes and rules in question. For example, the actor playing "Moose" in the film-within-a-film, is one with obvious theatrical training and yearns for something with more depth. But depth is something that is at best a long-distance cousin with these films, a fact that Vincent was very much aware of. In fact, all of the actors playing roles in the film within a film are a nice contrast. The film's main villain, a stuck up character actor on the rise, plays the biggest nerd. The hero of the film, a newcomer with a famous, movie star mom, plays the typical asshole jock whose life revolves around cheerleaders and especially torturing the weak.

This contrast is beautifully handled and the sense of camaraderie with the actors and crew is tangible. The cast as a whole is fabulous, with both Louis Bonanno and Veronica Hart returning from *Sex Appeal*, this time with Louis playing a likable drama club type who is cast as the second nerd and Veronica getting a chance to utilize her comedic chops as a smart actress playing the horny teacher. The latter, consequently, is one of the more minor archetypes of the sub genre, but present nonetheless. Years before such ridiculous phrases like "MILF" and "cougar" became standard American vernacular, you had at least one horny librarian/teacher/tutor type and the odd pervy coach/principal thrown in for good measure in these films. Not unlike bad porn.

Speaking of porn, one of the best performances comes from Ron Sullivan, aka legendary adult film director Henri Pachard, suitably enough playing the director. He's really terrific here as the firm but lovable leader and is every bit the equal with some of the more experienced actors. Continuing with the cool cult world figures, we also have the wholly underrated Andrew Nichols (*Cafe Flesh*, *Night of the Living Babes*) as the disgruntled screenwriter and even a cameo by the late, great David Friedman as one of the producers. There's also Deborah Blaisdell aka Tracey Adams as the insecure cheesecake model in her first acting role as the lead cheerleader. Naturally, her cheerleader character plays into the golden rule that she will end up with the lead nerd.

A rule that we saw played out in the previous film is the use of technology for lurid purposes, often involving voyeurism, blackmail or garden variety shaming. (This is also tied to the cardinal rule of regular voyeurism, which also played out in *Sex Appeal* with Tony's landlord videotaping him secretly for literary research purposes.) Instead of a woman being the object of the shaming, we have Hart's character getting the villain sauced up and making animal noises

in bed on audio tape, explicitly for the purpose of humiliating him for being an ass. The real life touch to this is that when her tape is discovered, she ends up being forced to quit the picture. It's touches like that make this film smarter than the average bear.

Rounding up tonight's list is yet another Chuck Vincent film, with the *Meatballs* inspired *Summer Camp*. Released in 1979, *Summer Camp* is the weakest of the Vincent films and despite lacking any noticeable faces from the adult film world, is the porniest looking out of all the films. It also has the weakest acting out of all the films mentioned in this article. The plot, or its surgical equivalent, was penicillin moldy by the time this film came out. Camp Malibu, a summer camp for "kids" has hit the skids, so in a last bid to keep the place from

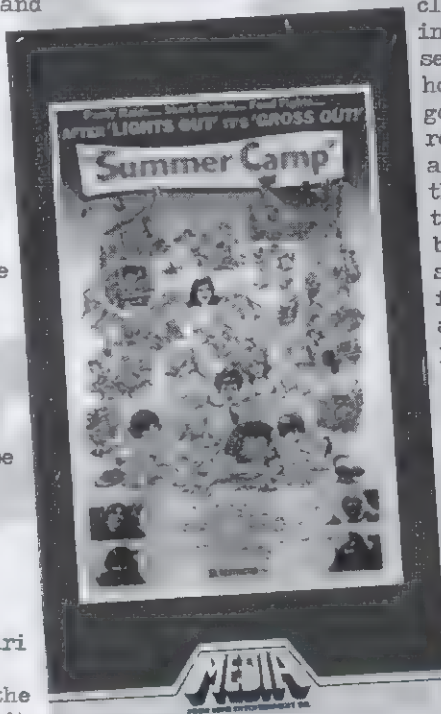
closing, a select group of past campers are invited for a free weekend. Typing that sentence out really nails home what a horrible money making idea that is. The goal with this is that the kids will be reminded of how much they loved the camp and get their families to donate money. By the way, the "kids" in question look like they are pushing 30. That is a minor blessing, given that there are multiple scenes of the campers getting mighty friendly with some of the more prurient adult staff members. Having actors well past drinking age is a definite rule of exploitation teen films, gaining real terra firma in the 1950's. (*High School Confidential* is a perfect example.) If the actors were younger looking, then films like this would be mighty creepy. After all, it's called Camp Malibu and not Ted Nugent's Finishing School for Wayward Teens.

Naturally, we have all the usual archetypes here: the drunken slob who makes fart jokes and apparently hates his liver as much as the folks behind *Fraternity Vacation* hated humanity, the bitchy and man-hungry she-nympho, the party boy, the good girl, the virgin, the sensitive boy who will end up thinking with his wang but ultimately will end up with the good girl, etc etc. Naturally, the golden rule of voyeurism is followed with religious fervor, with the boys climbing the roof just to watch the girls shower and then charging a bunch of people money for this illegal thrill. Classy.

Summer Camp at heart is basic teen comedy fluff. There are worse ways to spend your time and it is cute enough. In some ways, it's more entertaining as a relic than as a piece of comedy. But it's still better than some films we know about.

I hope this article has illuminated and expanded your mind in ways you never imagined. At least as far as the horny, hormonally imbalanced, the rated I for immature audiences and id a go-go sub genre of the T&A comedy goes.

Heather Drain



QUINTANO VISION!

AN INTERVIEW WITH GENE QUINTANO BY david j. moore

For someone who never quite expected to be a writer of spoofs and comedic adventure films, Gene Quintano has certainly made a career of doing just that. Before writing his best-known works, *Police Academy 3 and 4*, and *Sudden Death*, starring Jean-Claude Van Damme, and before he directed the spaghetti-western inspired *Dollar for the Dead*, Gene was making a name for himself by writing and working on the cult films, *Treasure of the Four Crowns* and *King Solomon's Mines*, made for the Cannon Releasing Corporation throughout the early 1980's. Quintano is also known for helping to facilitate the resurgence of 3D in cinemas throughout the world with the 1981 western exploitation 3D extravaganza, *Comin' At Ya!*

djm: Can you talk a little bit about how you got started in the movie business?

GQ: I got graduate and undergraduate degrees in English Literature; it's not a very practical major when you get out in the real world. I ended up working for a few years at a company, Xerox, and I tended bar. I still wanted to write and while I was tending bar I came up with an idea for something called *Bar Stars* about these guys who were at the social centerpiece of Washington D.C. at night. Washington has no industry; everyone who goes to bars are lobbyists, politicians and lawyers, and there were these guys called *Bar Stars*. I wrote this script, and it was the script that ultimately got me signed at the William Morris agency and ICM, and I will say this without fear of contradiction, it was basically - let's say "borrowed" - to make *St. Elmo's Fire* (1985). It was my first experience in Hollywood, and they wanted to develop it, option it; but I

wanted to direct it, and they said no. They ended up making *St. Elmo's Fire*, and the first or second line in that movie is right out of my script. The tone of *St. Elmo's Fire* was much more dramedy, and mine was more comedy; but it was about these aging collegians who couldn't get out of the bar scene. I used to work with guys like this, architects and so forth, and they still tended bar. That was the script that got me an agent.

Comin' at Ya! (1981) was indirectly related to Xerox and there was a fellow there named Marshall Lupo who had a friend, Tony Anthony, who had done these low-budget spaghetti westerns about a blind man and I think Ringo Starr had been in one. He had wanted to do something in 3D, and I told him that I thought I could raise the money in town, and I ended up raising a million dollars and that picture was made, but it was a very slow process to make it in 3D. I acted in it because we couldn't afford another actor; I painted sets, etc. We shot on Sergio Leone's sets in Spain, but still it was a lot of work. It was a real hands-on learning experience; I learned



QUINTANO IN *COMIN' AT YA!*

everything about the business. That movie, which was not particularly good, got huge publicity. We were on *The Today Show*, all the networks, because it was the first 3D movie in a while. NBC did a piece, CBS did a piece, but the problem then - as it is now - was that we could only show the movie in about 250 theaters at a time, max. They needed silver screens, and we ran out of 3D glasses somewhere along the way. The 3D effects were great, but the movie itself wasn't, so that first weekend or two of business was really good.

djm: Ferdinando Baldi was the director of that film, and he also directed the next 3D film,

Treasure of the Four Crowns (1982), which you were also in. Was there a two picture deal?

GQ: No, it was a separate deal. When we finished *Comin' at Ya!* it got a lot of attention, and that interested a lot of people in making more 3D movies, so we came up with this concept of *Treasure* and we went back to Spain and shot it with the same crew. We had a special lens on the camera, and then 3D always loses light; not so much now, but then, if you see the slow-motion in some of the older ones, it gets darker, and they found that if you flipped the camera, they could get in more light because of the prism placement. We did that, so we had to learn some new things with the camera upside down. We had lots of technical problems.

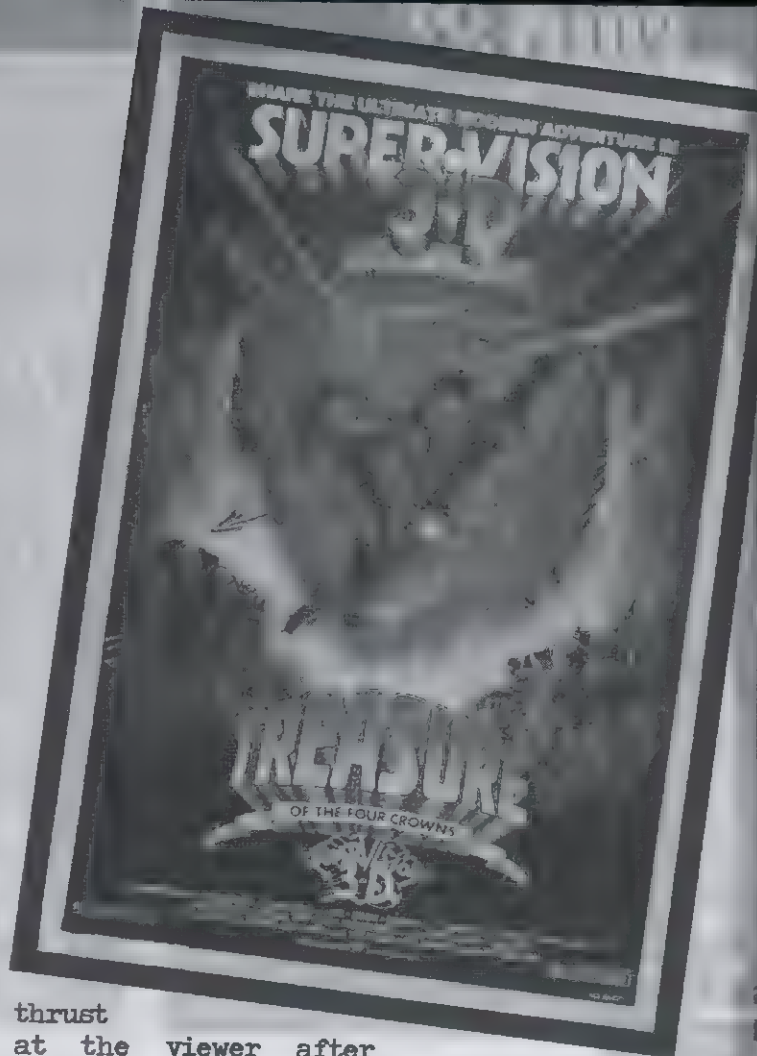
djm: There was a resurgence of 3D during the early eighties. Did you have any other experience with this format during this time?

GQ: The bonding company of *Jaws 3D* (1983) asked me to come and look over the budget to see if it could be made because it was still sort of an unknown commodity. You had a limited number of theaters, and they would try to get people to get the silver screens, and in fact, some theaters would even paint the screens silver, which was never correct. I ended up going to Japan to sell the projector device because you needed a special projector lens, and that was my first earthquake, in that room, with all these distributors; the room started to shake, and I thought, "Do I run?"

we really had to introduce the 3D format to a lot of places. The 3D movies back then were all about throwing stuff in your face. I looked at a screening of *Comin' at Ya!* recently and it has more gimmick effects per 20 minutes than the 3D films being made now, but the pictures now seem to have more substance. They have big budgets and have more character developments in terms of scripts, but ours was just a gimmick applied to a certain genre such as horror, or action/adventure. 3D now is just amazing. There's more depth of field now rather than the gimmicks.

Your eyes get adjusted to them. I wonder about the 3D televisions that they're pushing now. I don't know what the cumulative effect will be. I think that if you go overboard, people will get tired of it.

djm: The first 20 minutes of *Treasure of the Four Crowns* is one gimmick



thrust at the viewer after another, and in fact, there is no talking during the duration. Was this written that way?

GQ: Yeah, it pretty much was. We kept the dialogue at a minimum and just hit the audience with these things.

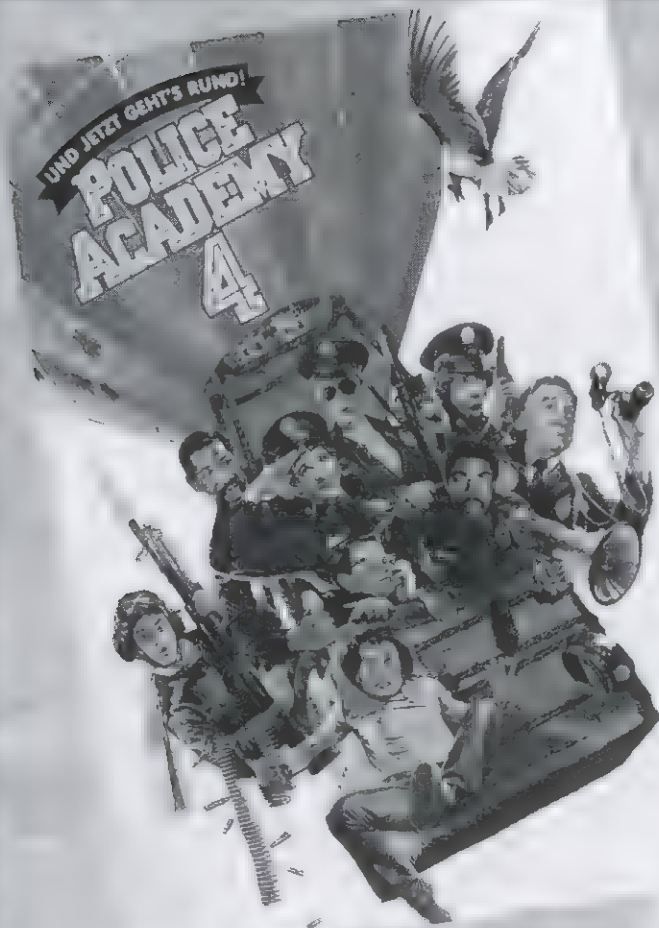
djm: Looking over your career, anyone can see the influence of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (1981) and the *Indiana Jones* pictures on a number of your works, namely *Treasure of the Four Crowns* and *King Solomon's Mines* (1985). Was it the intention to emulate *Indiana Jones* on *Four Crowns*?

GQ: Right. It was just a swashbuckling adventure. I don't remember saying, "Let's rip off *Raiders*" but I'm sure that sentence passed someone's lips, but it just seemed the right genre for 3D. If nothing else, the success of *Raiders* gave us the confidence that we needed.

djm: *Treasure of the Four Crowns* was the first film you were involved in that was produced by Cannon, with whom you worked many times. Was *Four Crowns* a hit?

GQ: We had a major investor from Mexico on *Four Crowns* and the peso was devalued, so the bottom





dropped out.

Our \$750,000 investment was now worth about \$150,000 - \$175,000. We were already in preproduction. Here in L.A. we were put in touch with Cannon who were just trying to make a splash, and they came up with the money. They looked at the footage that we had, and they put a man in the accounting department, and that was it. For Cannon, *Four Crowns* was a hit. They were a small distribution company at the time, and for them it was successful. It was enough that they wanted to do more business. I wrote *Making the Grade* (1984) for them, and that was a lot of fun. It was done for \$900,000. It became a kind of a minor cult movie, especially on the east coast. They used to have a "Making the Grade" weekend at Yale. It was unbelievable. Judd Nelson went from this to *The Breakfast Club* (1985).

djm: After *Making the Grade* came *King Solomon's Mines* and *Allan Quartermain and the Lost City of Gold* (1987), both made for Cannon. Can you tell me about your experiences writing these films and working on them?

GQ: *King Solomon's Mines* was great because of the director, J. Lee Thompson, who had done the original *Cape Fear* (1962) and *The Guns of Navarone* (1961). He was a great character; I would

see him every day. I was over there in South Africa writing the script while they were building sets. Every morning he would go, "Let's gossip!" What happened in the middle of the movie, what happens in the last third was made up... it didn't follow the script anymore. One of the actors, John Rhys-Davies, was in a small plane crash and he broke his leg and he couldn't move around. The whole scene at the end in the cave was made-up. He let Herbert Lom ad-lib his way through it. I don't know what any of that is. If you look at some of the effects - I don't know.

djm: This is a side comment, but it's worth noting that some great composers did the music scores for some of the films you've been involved with. Ennio Morricone did the score for *Treasure of the Four Crowns*, Basil Poledouris did *Making the Grade*, Jerry Goldsmith did *King Solomon's Mines*. Do you have any comments about the music for these films or any others?

GQ: I'm a big fan of film music. Richard Kraft worked at Cannon, and he was real young at the time and now he has one of the biggest music agencies in the business. He came to me on *Making the Grade* and said, "How about Oingo Boingo?" I said the name a few times to myself, and I just didn't get it. Richard said, "I'll tell you, Danny Elfman is going to be good." I said no. But because of that relationship, we always got good composers on the movies we did.

djm: After your time with Cannon came to an end, you segued into writing the *Police Academy* sequels, parts 3 and 4. How do even write a *Police Academy* movie or a spoof?

GQ: You sort of take an absurdist view. By this time, they were becoming a contemporary Abbott and Costello, or a slapstick-type of film. They were PG-rated at this point and had lost their edge. It's just taking what's real, and putting an



QUINTANO ON THE SET OF *MAKING THE GRADE*

year old Rock 'n' Roller

absurd spin on it. Lance Kinsey's character is the type of character that can be told that the Tooth Fairy is standing behind him, and he'll turn around and go, "Where, where, where?" It was a very important series for Warner Brothers. I would go into story meetings and Bob Daley, the head of the studio would be there. There were huge overruns. *Police Academy 3* (1986) still pays profit. All these years later. I wasn't even the one who created it. It spits off profit like crazy. When a writer gets paid profit, there's a lot of money there. I had fun doing them, and they paid a lot of tuition and mortgage payments. Warner Brothers was great to work with.

djm: Was it always your intention to direct films? You had written quite a few scripts before you started directing.

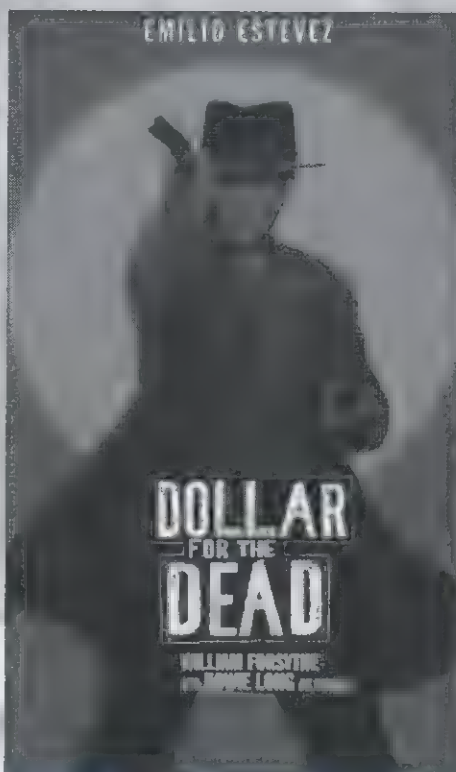
GQ: Yes, I'd always wanted to, but I didn't want to spend the time away from my family if it was going to be filmed at a distant location. Yes, I always had an interest in it. Someone had said, "You haven't made a movie unless you've made a western." That goes back to the cultural impact of the west. We don't have our Odysseys or Ulysses, we have our cowboys. I certainly wanted to direct a western. My film, *Dollar for the Dead* (1998), started out with Bruce Willis to star in it. His brother gave him the script, and he read it on a plane to Cannes. When he got to Cannes, he was being interviewed and he said that *Dollar for the Dead* was going to be his next picture. *Variety* then had headlines that read, "WILLIS SADDLES UP FOR A DOLLAR!" I got a call from my agent in the morning, and said, "What is this?" I said, "I don't know!" because I didn't know. Nobody talked to us, so it didn't get off to an auspicious beginning. It was just the way it happened, and it went back and forth for a while, so we just decided to step away from it for a time.

djm: As we entered the 90s, you started to move into bigger-budgeted films for major studios. You wrote a film that Peter Hyams directed, starring Jean Claude Van Damme called *Sudden Death* (1995).

GQ: We didn't know Van Damme was going to do the picture. There was a lot more dialogue and psychological musings at the beginning, but those didn't suit Van Damme so we had to tone

some of that back. It became more of a straight action piece rather than a story about a guy who is in conflict over what he failed to do before and how that has impacted his family. He is sort of resurrected by the events of the story. Van Damme was good to work with, though. He was a terrific athlete and for what it is, the film looks like it cost a lot more than it did. One of the producers wanted it to be *Die Hard* in a hockey arena, and that sort of was the germ of the idea.

djm: The last film you directed was *Dollar For the Dead*, which was a cool little movie starring Emilio Estevez. It was ridiculous beyond the extreme with endless ammo for the hero, John Woo style flourishes, etc. What was your intention with this film?



GQ: I always loved spaghetti westerns, but if you're going to do one of these now you sort of have to have the John Woo touches, with the guy flying through the air and shooting his gun sideways. It's something to push it over the top. You knew the tone of the movie you were in the moment he dropped the shot glass at the beginning to shoot a guy, re-holster his gun and catch the glass before it hits the ground. I wrote that scene and said, "You either accept it or not." Because in westerns and contemporary action films these guys shoot forever and never run out of bullets. This just played into that and carried it into the over-the-top category.

djm: What's next for you?

GQ: I have a project called *Grimm* in the works, which is sort of a sophisticated horror film with the premise based on what if reading Grimm's fairy tales over the years has kept them alive, and how they manifest themselves in a small town. I have another one called *DaMiracle* and it's based on a true story about a hockey team that was all inner-city kids that played against prep schools.

djm: Is there anything else you'd like to add?

GQ: I'm glad I don't have to act anymore. I acted in *Comin' at Ya!* and *Treasure of the Four Crowns*, but I'm glad we can afford to pay actors to do the roles now.

...A REAL FAN'S ZINE...

REMEMBERING GEORGE STOVER'S CINEMACABRE

AN INTERVIEW BY JOSH SCHAFER AND TED GILBERT

George Stover is a veritable cult cinema hero. Born and raised in Baltimore, MD, George first started popping up in Baltimore's underground film circuit in the mid-70s lending his character-actor expertise to cult classics like John Waters' *Female Trouble* and *Desperate Living*, and has also managed to appear in all of Don Dohler's projects including *Fiend*, *Nightbeast* and Dohler's low-budget SF trashterpiece, *The Alien Factor*. George still continues to act to this day, and boy, is he a prolific gentleman (see his IMDB for his immense list of credits!) But beyond being the bit actor of Baltimore's dreams, from the late 1960s all the way up to the late 80s, George Stover published

some of the best horror and SF fanzines you might have never heard of: *Black Oracle* and *Cinemacabre*. These zines covered everything from no-budget cult to big-budget classics, and to this day serve as indispensable reads for the ardent cinephile indeed. *Lunchmeat* is thrilled to present you with a history of these out-of-this-world fanzines, straight from the man who jolted them to life.



NIGHTBEAST & STOVER TAKE A PEEK AT CINEMACABRE #4

LM: Today, with a wide variety of design software available and many small printers to work with, it's a bit easier for independent publishers to get in the game. Can you tell us a little bit about what the indie publishing process was like when *Black Oracle* and *Cinemacabre* were being made?

GS: Back in the days when I first started publishing *Black Oracle*, there was no desktop publishing. In fact, there weren't even any home

computers! So everything had to be laid out by hand on "boards" which were large sheets of paper on which the text and graphics were pasted. Space had to be allowed for each photo to be inserted by the printer later on after each photo was reduced in size and "screened" to form a dot pattern. The printer would photograph these boards and make photographic negatives from which metal plates were made for the printing press. Laying out pages of typewritten text looked a little crude or amateurish in the final product, so eventually I decided to send out the typewritten articles to have them professionally typeset. As a result, the text would be in columns, would be

left and right justified, and would be in a different style of type than produced on a typewriter. This would make the text in the fanzine look much more professional than just ordinary typing. Such a task is taken for granted nowadays and can easily be done at home on a computer and printer. But in those days, typesetting had to be done by special equipment,

which was undoubtedly too expensive for fanzine publishers to purchase. Laying out a magazine in the old days was very time consuming, and the work was very exacting. I'm sure it's much easier nowadays with all the modern software, but I stopped publishing with *Cinemacabre* #7 just as I had become vaguely aware of desktop publishing being made available to consumers.

LM: What was the zine scene like when you started? How did you get involved?

GS: As I recall, there were lots of fanzines devoted to science-fiction literature and

poetry when I started. I wasn't aware of any movie fanzines that began before the professional magazine *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. It was probably through the pages of *Famous Monsters* that I personally became aware of movie fanzines. There were regular features like the "Haunt Ads" and "Graveyard

Examiner" sections of *FM* in which readers would write about what they were selling or what they wanted to purchase or trade. Home addresses were published, so it was a great opportunity for fans to write or call each other and buy, sell, or trade things from other fans. I'm sure that this helped to create a network among people of similar interests which laid the foundations for lots of fanzines to be published. Readers became aware of other people who liked fantasy, sci-fi, and horror movies and readers could actually write to one another and make new friends.

I got into publishing quite by accident. One day, I received a copy of *Black Oracle* #1 in the mail which was published by my friends Charlie Ellis and Bill George. I was intrigued by its small size, and I liked the zine a lot. It turned out that Charlie and Bill were willing to allow me to become the owner and publisher, so I ended up publishing nine more issues of *Black Oracle*. Then I published seven issues of *Cinemacabre* before I decided to get out of publishing. In the Baltimore area, I think the only monster movie fanzine before *Black Oracle* was Gary Svehla's *Gore Creatures*, now known as *Midnight Marquee*.



LM: Were there any particular magazines or writers that inspired you to get started?

GS: I will have to echo what many people have already said over the years: *Famous Monsters of Filmland* probably inspired many, many people to publish their own fanzines, especially since *Famous Monsters* would make it possible for fans to write or call other fans, as I previously mentioned. Such correspondence or phone calls certainly made it easier to find potential contributors as well as subscribers. I'm sure that Calvin Beck's *Castle of*

Frankenstein was also influential, of course, with its more serious tone.

LM: There is a marked difference between the type of coverage you were doing and, say, *Famous Monsters*, which was consistently tongue-in-cheek. Was this an intentional decision or just a product of the styles and interests of those involved?

GS: I was always serious minded about the horror, science-fiction, and fantasy movies I grew up watching, whether they were big-budget Hollywood movies, "B" movies, or low-budget independent films. I guess it was Forry Ackerman's trademark to make puns, write humorous captions, and so forth. Maybe that was a ploy to attract young readers. But everyone I knew who was ambitious enough to publish their own fanzines was also too serious about the subject matter to add humor to their zines. I can't even think of any fanzines at the time that tried the Ackerman/*Famous Monsters* approach, even though *FM* was certainly the inspiration for countless fanzines.

LM: There are definitely a few current horror zines that have a similar style in terms of layout and content to *Cinemacabre*. (*Video Watchdog* comes to mind.) Do you feel that your publications have inspired today's horror film magazines?

GS: That has never even crossed my mind! I would be very flattered if my publications inspired someone else to publish their own magazine. However, no one has ever told me that I was an influence on them, so I'm not going to assume that I ever was! I will say, however, that I raised an eyebrow the first time I flipped through an issue of the Canadian magazine *Rue Morgue*. There's a section in each issue called "Cinemacabre" that deals with "Film, Video, DVD & Reissues." So, it looks like I inspired someone in our neighbor to the north to use the name "Cinemacabre" in *Rue Morgue*!

LM: How did you find contributors for your magazines? How did you decide what to cover?

GS: Usually, *Cinemacabre* editors John Parnum and Steve Vertlieb rounded up articles. They knew a lot of people they could ask to contribute. And John and Steve were both prolific writers themselves. Sometimes people would send us unsolicited articles or artwork. So we never had a problem getting enough material. And we would just try to include a

variety of articles that seemed interesting to us. Steve would also include one of his poems in each issue. And I must admit to some frequent self-promotion. I would often use the pages of *Black Oracle* and *Cinemacabre* to review the movies in which I appeared. I figured that as long as I was a publisher, I might as well take advantage of that fact to publicize my movies. I did this not only for the sake of my ego, but also to reward the filmmakers who cast me. I'm sure they appreciated a little publicity for their films.

LM: Early issues of *Black Oracle* seem to go for a pretty penny on sites like eBay. Have you noticed any renewed interest in those early zines? Does this surprise you at all? Do you ever think about putting them back out there?

GS: I haven't really followed the current value of some of these old issues, but I will have to check them out on eBay from time to time. No one has approached me lately about purchasing back issues. I'd rather not go to the expense of reprinting any issues. Also, the "purists" out there may only want original copies instead of reprints in their collections. What I really should do is dig around the house and come up with a few old issues, and then list them on eBay myself. I'd be very happy to sell a few of them at premium prices!

LM: Do you have a favorite article or issue that you published? Why is it special to you?

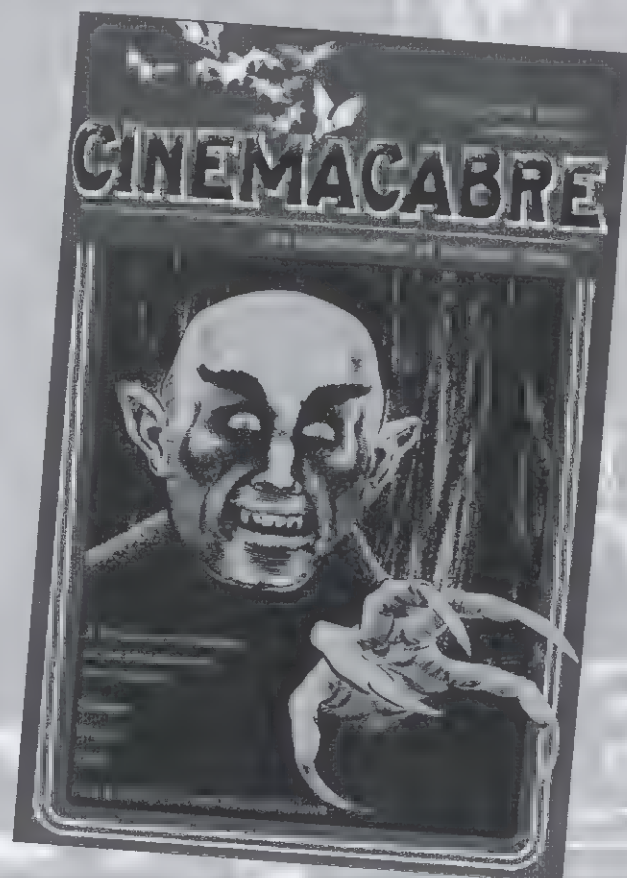
GS: One of my favorite articles in *Black Oracle* was "Censored Scenes From *King Kong*" in issue #2. We were the first publication to print stills of scenes from *King Kong* that were cut from the film in the early 1950s. They include scenes of Kong peeling clothes off of Fay Wray, Kong chomping on a native, reaching inside the window of a building in New York for a woman he mistakenly believes is Fay Wray, and hanging onto the side of a building in New York while he throws a man to the streets below.

In *Cinemacabre*, I was very proud of the interviews. For example, it was a big thrill for me to personally interview actors Jeff Morrow and John Agar for issues #2 and #4, respectively. I grew up admiring those two actors in their science-fiction films, so it was exciting for me to chat with them on the phone and publish their interviews in my very own magazine. I was also very proud of an interview with James Mason in issue #5. My friend Bernie O'Heir called James Mason in his hotel room in Washington, D.C. while he was on

tour doing a play, and Bernie asked Mr. Mason some questions about his classic movie *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. To the best of my knowledge, our interview with James Mason is his only interview published in a fanzine.

LM: You published *Cinemacabre* from the beginning of the VHS boom right through the peak; how did you feel about the format at the time? How does it compare with DVD and Blu-Ray today in your eyes?

GS: It was great to be able to collect movies on VHS tape. As well as to record movies and TV shows off the air. I still have a lot of VHS copies of movies I taped that are hosted by various horror movie hosts. I also have a lot of prerecorded tapes in my collection, mostly movies not yet released on DVD, as well as numerous American and foreign video releases of movies in which I appear. While the image quality of VHS is not as good as DVD or Blu-Ray, the box art is really cool. And I'm the type of guy who appreciates older technologies. For instance, I still own an old reel-to-reel tape recorder, plus I have some antique wind-up phonographs that play cylinders or 78 rpm records. So I will always have a couple of VCRs around here, along with plenty of tapes. I may change with the newer technology to some extent, but I still like technology from the past.



LM: Though your publishing days have since gone by, your film career is still quite active. What's been going on in that realm for you lately? What are some of the projects you've been working on?

GS: Things have been busy the last couple of years or so. Here in Maryland, I've been fortunate to work

several times with the young filmmaking team of Chris LaMartina and Jimmy George. They cast me in their features *Grave Mistakes*, *President's Day*, and *Witch's Brew*. In addition, I was in the *One Foot in the Grave* segment they shot which was included in Henrique Couto's anthology horror movie *Faces of Schlock*.

Director Clint Kelly is a very good friend of Chris LaMartina, and Clint recently cast me as a TV reporter in his movie *Generation Z*. When the film is completed, my footage will appear on a TV screen. I also recently worked on Wade Brown's *The Ghoul Society*, in which I play a professor. Wade is also a friend of Chris LaMartina.

And as a change of pace, I've been cast as a grandfather in a series of Nancy Drew-type mystery adventures called *The Adventures of Louanna Lee*, which are produced by Lee Doll. So far, four episodes in this series have been produced. Louanna, who plays my granddaughter, is both an actress and a singer. I also appear in three of her music videos which can be seen on YouTube. DVDs and posters from each episode of the series are available from Louanna's website at www.louannalee.com. I was recently interviewed about Louanna's mystery adventures on the locally produced TV shows *CineMaryland* and Rob Long's new *Smash or Trash* Independent Film-Making series.

And I recently returned to the Timewarp Films fold after a long absence by being cast as a farmer in Joe Ripple's latest horror movie *Jebediah*. In addition, filmmaker Erik Kristopher Myers cast me in his feature films *Roulette* and *The Devil's Playthings*. I was also cast in a rather unusual type of movie (at least for Maryland, that is) entitled *One-Eyed Horse*. The film is set in Missouri after the Civil War and I play a livery staple operator who is also a coffin maker. The movie was directed by Wayne Shipley and was distributed

nationally on DVD under its alternate title *Come Hell or High Water*. Before that, I worked in two interesting projects for A. Susan Svehla. She wrote and directed *Terror in the Tropics* and *Terror in the Pharoah's Tomb*, and both incorporate new footage which is intercut with public domain footage from old black and white movies. I play a dual role in *Terror in the*

Pharoah's Tomb and one of my characters is killed by George Zucco, an actor known for roles in such movies as *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, *The Cat and the Canary*, *The Mummy's Hand*, *House of Frankenstein*, and *The Flying Serpent*, to name just a few. Another project that was out of the ordinary for me was the portrayal of

twin brothers in *The Death of Poe*, a

dramatization of the final days of author Edgar Allan Poe, co-written and directed by Mark Redfield. And one filmmaking experience I'll certainly never forget was working with none other than the Godfather of Gore, Herschell Gordon Lewis, in Jimmyo Burrill's movie *Chainsaw Sally*.

I've also been working for filmmakers from nearby states more and more in the last couple of years. New Jersey based filmmaker Buzz Cartier cast me in his last two films, *Filthy Rich* and *Filthy Uncle Phil* and *Joneser*. And I recently went to Virginia to do a cameo in Justin Timpane's *Ninjas vs. Vampires*, which is a follow-up to Justin's previous movie *Ninjas vs. Zombies*. And just before that, I traveled to Pennsylvania to appear in Ted Moehring's *Invasion of the Reptoids*. I play a sheriff in that film which is a tribute to science-fiction movies of the 1950s. Ted is best known for making *Bloodbath in the House of Knives*, currently in release by Alpha. I also went to Pennsylvania to appear as a psycho killer in Vince Corkadel's *Dust & Death*.

I must admit, however, that I got some of the parts I just described because of my roles in the John Waters movies and in the Don Dohler science-fiction and horror films that I made many years ago. A lot of people remember those early independent movies fondly, and have cast me out of sentimental reasons, I suppose.



GEORGE GOES BERSERK IN *BLOOD MASSACRE* (1991)



TAPES FROM THE TRASH BIN!!

BY ROB HAUSCHILD

Lunchmeaters! Welcome back yet again to the secret and heavily-guarded well of lost, forgotten, unwanted and unwatchable VHS - well, I am actually assuming that last one. Someone watched them (before me that is) since they were nearly all unwrapped and not rewound when I saved them from their purgatories. Fingerprints. Food stains. Cut boxes. But a few of them actually look liked they were loved and cared for, sometimes even boasting a "property of" sticker or stamp. Think of all the stories and secrets these tapes would have if they could share with us - maybe one was on in the background when a murder was committed, during a wedding proposal, a raccoon infestation, a conspiracy plot planning, a baby's first steps - or just maybe that tape sat on a dusty shelf and watched helplessly as a lonely life slowly trickled into oblivion - never played, never loved, never loathed. So, this is not just some hipster-sanctioned, overpriced and fetishistic hobby my friends: it's fucking social archeology, and I'm your Indiana Jones. Now follow me into the chamber of the ancients for some cheap thrills and chills!

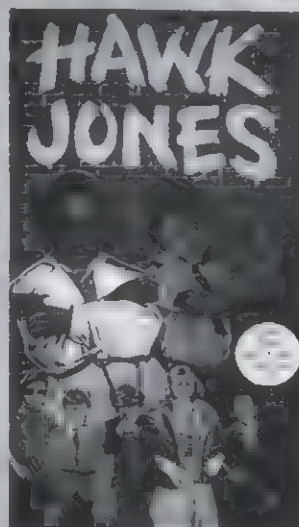
Hawk Jones (1986)
Quad Kiddie Productions, Ltd.
Director: Richard Lowry
Writer: Tor Reyel Lowry
Liberty Entertainment Group LLC

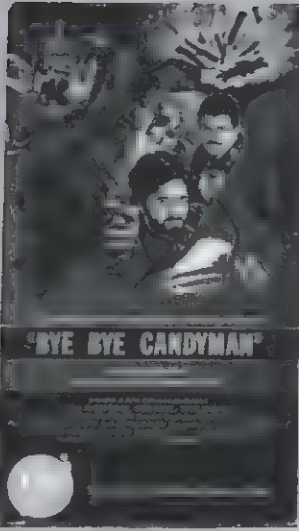
Do you like kids? Do you like good shriek-inducing synth scores? Of course you do. VHS darlings. But let me remind you that kids are best served up in very small doses, like let's say a thirty second commercial or some foggy sentimental flashback in an otherwise moderately entertaining Saturday afternoon action flick. But you go tell that to director Richard Lowry, because with *Hawk Jones*, he's all about the kids. And he's all about the synth score. Sadly (and this is where it hurts) he's all about the filmmaking, too - and that's "time out" territory - because when the three meet, you are in for it - I mean really, like "what did I just put in my mouth" in for it. Your idea of movies will be re-defined. Fuck it, your reality will have a new name, as well.

Stuck somewhere in the broken glass and dirty needle-infested molasses of movie history, right between the semi-laudable efforts of the all-kid populated feature *Bugsy Malone* (1976) and the unforgivable anti-humanity of *Superbabies: Baby Geniuses 2* (2004) lies the misguided humor and horror of *Hawk Jones*. Mind you, dear reader, this is praise of the highest order. Kids pretending to be adults for an hour and a half? Hey, whatever tickles your funny bone - but I'll sit this one out. But kids shooting submachine guns, stabbing each other, firing exploding arrows at one another for ninety minutes? Sign me up for a pre-order, front-of-line pass and special sneak preview all at once. There's only so far the "kid in an oversized suit" joke will go, but kids with hand grenades placed in questionable romantic situations, misreading dialogue and looking for cues from the adults off-screen, that's timeless, not to mention it is radical and poetic exploitation of the purest form.

And that friends, is *Hawk Jones*. Sure, it's a cast of kids, not really sure they are in a movie acting like they are adults in a police action movie - awkward, unnerving, pathetic, riddled with SOV backyard production quality and severely questionable adult judgment. But it is *Hawk Jones*. It is Chester Turner via Michael Jackson's libido with the cinematic gall of Uwe Boll - minus the integrity of *Terror of Tinytown* (1938). You'll know this on second viewing (first viewing reserved for your general annoyance and total disdain of the conceit), and then your tape heads will simply die from overuse.

There's the exploitation of children in Southeast Asia, and then there's *Hawk Jones*. Where the line is drawn rests somewhere in the 29.97 frames per second flickering off your child labor-made fancy schmancy television as the tape grinds and your brain tries to keep up, failing miserably every time. As Hawk says: "It's a rat cage out there - no place for a dame." Or for kids either as it turns out, sucka.





Bye Bye Candyman (1988)
John Garwood Productions
Director: John Garwood
Writer: John Garwood, Larry Ward, Larry Hilbrand
Trytell International Video

So, the Philippines has a rich, colorful history of filmmaking, dating back pre-1900 and has often become the subject for genre archivists and journalists the world over, mining both the rich cultural traditions of the people of those islands and also highlighting some the, ahem, non-traditional filmmaking techniques and styles found within. *Bye Bye Candyman* is not part of that rich history.

What history it is part of is the cinema of criminally misguided anti-drug bravado that shortly infested video stores in the wake of what was the Miami Vice phenomenon, or more specifically that exact point on the 1980s timeline when "taking drugs is cool" became replaced with you getting a shotgun to your face for even thinking about taking drugs, let alone selling them. Yes, that time when all of our favorite action stars went up against the punks, gangs, cartels, dealers, pushers and politicians who screwed up everything with drugs - you remember: the

one man war, the one man army, the one man force, the one man police station - the cure for the disease and the answer to society's #1 problem - you know that movie. *Bye Bye Candyman* is not one of those movies.

First, what *Bye Bye Candyman* (aka *Crackdown*) is, is not about crack. So, the name change is welcome. It's also not about common sense. It's also completely unaware of its own inept awesomeness, its laziness and its self-serving righteousness. The story goes: two possibly white, American Vietnam vets are called in for "removal" services of local drug dealers by an old Filipino war buddy in hopes to clean up his neighborhood after his son is snuffed in a coke-related hit. They pose as movie producers and go undercover to flesh out the bad guys. They never make a movie, but they make all the bad guys dead. Some would say the producers of *Bye Bye Candyman* didn't make a movie either, but it sure is fun watching these sons-of-bitches try, isn't it?

It Took A Thief To Stop A Thief (1990)
Is Your Home Safe, Inc.
Director: Randy Grinter

True story: at 15 years old I was busted for breaking into cars. The cops, when swarming my bedroom at 3am to nab me, insisted I wear the Motley Crue T-shirt that was minding its own business on the floor of my room. Now, having Motley Crue on your side in a police lineup certainly can't help your chances at freedom, but it gave me a grand sense of security, community and badassness that has been hard to duplicate since. Point is: I obviously didn't have this VHS on the shelf when this happened.

Which reminds me - why the past tense? Shouldn't it "Take" a thief to stop one? Like it's an ongoing process, one you can be a part of for a few meager dollars and an hour of your life - using the word "took" implies this is a drama that will unfold before your eyes until the final frames when the thief catches the thief and all turns out well. But I digress: the venerable *Lunchmeat* is not a semantics journal; why should I waste your precious VHS dollars with that battle?

Speaking of VHS this one, like most of the scare tactic, anti-crime, defend yourself, SOV propaganda available out there, plays out essentially as more of a how-to guide - this time for robbing homes of the wealthy. Hosted by professional mafia lifer and career jewelry cat burglar Walter Shaw (seriously, look this guy up), who has been linked to over 3,000 home robberies, including even Liberace's home - and who also served over a decade in prison for his crimes. Incidentally, he was ratted out by friends and never caught red-handed (just like myself at 15, mind you). Here, Shaw drives around the better part of town and acts just like you'd expect a guy who's beat the system most of his life and now gets paid for bragging about it would act, hosting and narrating staged footage of house weak spots, bonehead homeowner mistakes and alarm system evasions that should set you off on your own career in no time - just no dogs: if the home has dogs, make like a cat and scam. But there's something to the tone and temper of Shaw's delivery - a big, unseen wink of the eye as if he's coming to your home next, or at the very least because he knows he's training a whole new generation of thieves - and getting paid for it.

And I paid to watch this tape, namely \$3.11 and roughly 57 minutes. But what a joyous investment: now I know how to break into your home and evade police, dogs, nosy neighbors, locks and alarms - so beware your VHS collection, little fanboy, this former thief aims to taketh and tooketh!



Hangin' With Bosco (1994)
Bosco Nova Productions

Bosco can play seven instruments at the same time. Bosco built his own log cabin when he was 23 years old. Bosco lived in New Zealand for nearly a year when he was in his 20s. Bosco's first CD was produced using only solar and windmill power, way before it was cool to make such claims. Bosco was a filmmaking student. And Bosco's been playing music for free on the streets of Hawaii for two decades and counting. And I ask: what the hell have you done lately?

For all his accomplishment, it's hard not to poke a little high-on-the-mountain fun at Bosco. He's an unrepentant goofball, an unabashed tree hugger and an unashamed ham in front of the camera, not to mention an unsuccessful funnyman. That's a lot of "un"s - and I didn't even mention "unbelievable" yet. But I'll let the tape do that, if you can find one. If you are ever walking the streets of Hawaii and happen upon this tourist trap constructed of human flesh, you can see and hear for yourself what "never giving up" tastes like. And it tastes like Bosco. The man, not the syrup.

Easily confused. Because the guy is a sap. But a *sap's* sap. My kind of sap. The apostrophe in the word hangin' gives that away on the box. A crude illustration of Bosco upside down on the cover seals the deal. Pop the tape in and be taken away, upside down and bent over, with salt and lime on the side.

There's a severe mental illness associated with beach bum white boys and their "Island Music" - Jimmy Buffett, Barefoot Man, Sunny Jim, Jimmy and the Parrots, Jim Morris - all insane, their sun baked brains churning out what is exactly the same song over and over in the same broken twang-crap musical accent in hopes of one day opening a chain of hamburger joints and peddling frozen taquito tilla-ritas and comfortable shorts to 50-something swingers. Bosco is not one of them. Bosco shits on them.

Bosco has been playing the same sidewalk for over 20 years, and he has been peddling this tape for almost the same amount of time, on that same street. The same tape I hold in my hands. Bosco is not digital, you idiots. Bosco is VHS. Made possible via a consumer grade camera, edited with two decks, *Hangin' With Bosco* is an immortal, musical masterpiece of unstoppable, unpretentious ego. There are those 'un's again, damn them.

Bosco wants to be Charlie Chaplin, but his humor is more in line with your uncle Charlie after a few Margaritas. I like my drunk uncle Charlie. And I like Bosco. He's the artist on the street you pass every day, drawing little pictures no one ever buys, but who you would miss if not there. We appreciate Bosco, for he is the reason we get up every morning, and we are the reason he does the same.

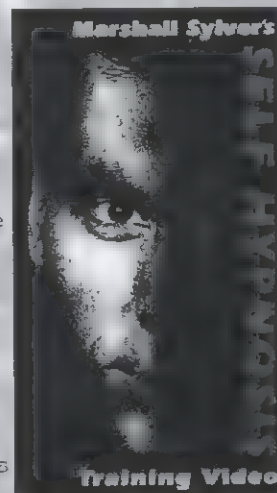
Marshall Sylver's Self Hypnosis Training Video (1993)

It's often challenging to be stuck in what is basically the self help VHS category of this fine fanzine. I mean who else is going to sit through hours of "Dancing Grannies: Mature Fitness for Beginners" and "Zumbro Secrets to Success Mule Deer" with such an open mind and an even more open heart so that only the finest and fittest taped content that lacks the hip standards of let's say the *Spine* VHS makes it way into your consciousness right alongside thoughts on how you ever going to find that elusive big box of *FEAR* on the Wizard label. That would be me, brothers and sisters, and I scoop in and grab this uncharted mire like a claw hand in the prize bin - but let me tell you a little secret - I have help.

And that help is in the form of Marshall Sylver. Sure, since cranking out this little VHS gem in '94 he's been convicted of fraud and is still in the business of sleight of hand (that's magicanship to you) and convincing corporate ladder-climbers and poor folks to buy his sub Anthony Robbins fortune cookie philosophy on becoming a millionaire. But forget all that nonsense. What you won't find on his resume or upscale DVD sales website today is this little release on good old VH of S, and that's for the simple reason that's this tape is just too god damn dangerous to exist. So much so, that if you call or email Mr. Sylver right now about your copy, he will offer to buy it back from you outright, no questions asked. And I'm talking buy it back - like *Quadead Zone* money here people, not that dollar bin chump change you are used to at the local grocery.

And why? Well think about it: the ability to hypnotize yourself is like having your trigger on the morphine dispenser at all times - directly into your veins. Run into trouble and just whip out your trusty pendulum and Presto! You are out cold, oblivious to the trouble, and the world around you. No work, no jive from other people, no responsibility, etc. On a global scale you can imagine the potential for trouble here, right? Hypnotize women, friends, family, teachers, your dog all for personal gain and wealth - fine. But hypnotize yourself and eventually the water will stop running out of the taps and the planes will fall out of the sky. Comprendre?

Keep in mind I will be holding onto my copy of this tape, not because I can't use Marshall Sylver's money, but because I can't get through the damn thing. Step five puts me out like a light, and I lose track of a few days. When I awaken, this column is in the can. And that is both the secret to my success, and your enlightenment.



CARDUSEL
PRESENTS

SEX PIG COMIC

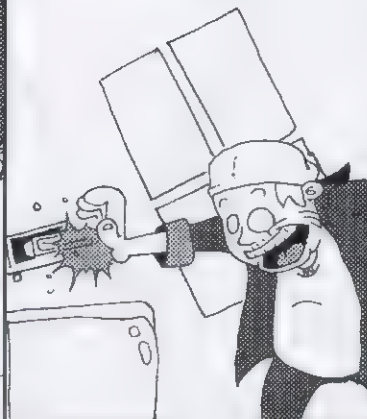
CJ PATTERSON ART JEREMY ROGERS WORDS JOSH SCHAFER IDEA



VROOM!



SLAM!



ERT!

CLICK!

HORROR!

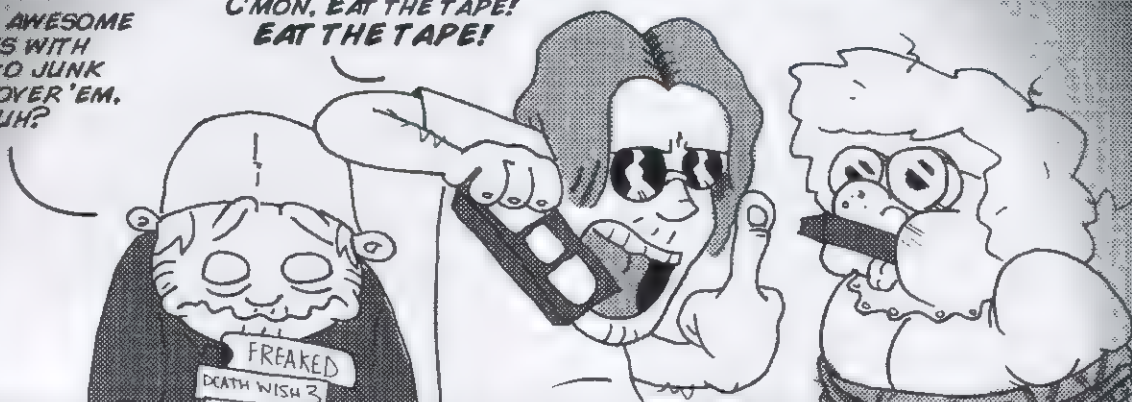


SHOCK!



SELL US AWESOME
TAPES WITH
LAME-O JUNK
TAPED OVER 'EM.
HUH?

C'MON. EAT THE TAPE!
EAT THE TAPE!



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SHALL WE PLAY A GAME?

A Condensed History of the Interactive VHS Gaming Era

By Josh Schafer

By the mid-1980s, VHS was at the apogee of its popularity. The VCR had outgrown its novelty status and consumers welcomed the video age into their homes by taping their favorite shows off of television, renting videos as if there were no tomorrow and gobbling up any and all tapes in their price range, solidifying the fact that the video revolution was in full swing. And with this whirlwind of video commerce, and the recent resurgence of home video gaming (which was brought back to life almost single-handedly by the NES in 1985), production companies recognized the opportunity to experiment with two of the hottest commodities of the time, merging them together to make what seemed to be one of the most revolutionary ideas ever to hit home video entertainment: the decidedly ill-fated (and rarely talked about) interactive VHS gaming era.

Spanning from its inception in 1985 up until the late 90s, the interactive VHS gaming market produced a surprisingly sprawling history of releases, creating over fifty different titles from a host of companies including Pressman, Parker Brothers (both most notable for their board game releases), Spinnaker and even the Disney sub-label, Buena Vista Home Entertainment just to name a few.

Now, due to the vast amount of games that were released in the more than ten year span of this anomalous era, it would be nearly impossible to contain all of them in this relatively brief article. Bearing that in mind, I've decided to touch on the games that would give you fine Videovores out there a solid grasp on what the interactive VHS gaming experiment was all

about. But before we delve into the titles themselves, one must first explore how the games were actually played to greater understand the interactive VHS monster.

Essentially, the majority of the games

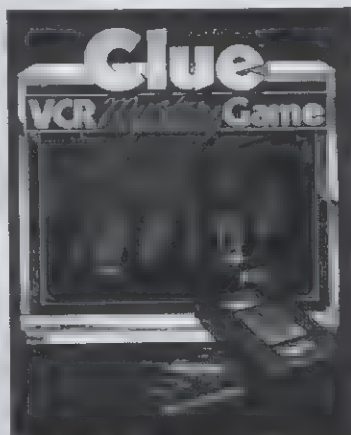
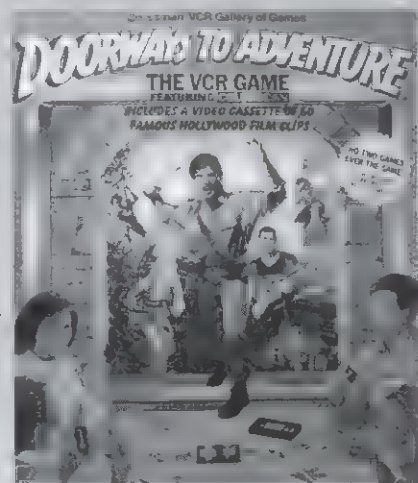
functioned just like a standard board game with dice, player pieces and draw cards. The way the video was actually employed was dependent on the nature of the game itself. There really is no standard premise for user interaction with the tape aside from the fact that it allowed the game to move forward. Some games involved the video by having a player land on a space that required you to

play the tape, while others only used the tape when you drew a card that prompted you to push play. Other titles instructed you with the tape, and you had to pause and play for each player's turn. After the duration of a clip, you were left to react by choosing a certain

path on the board, selecting an answer, making a decision or just dealing with what the tape instructed you to do. Sound confusing? It is.

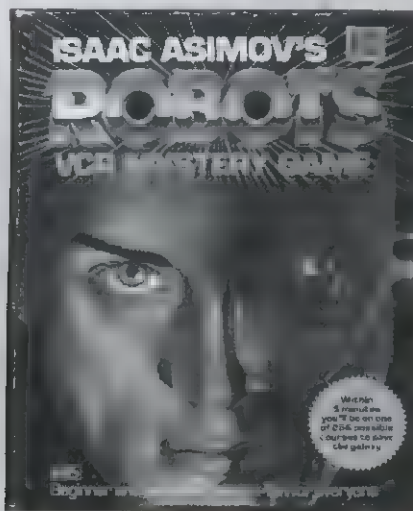
At best, these interactive VHS games were clunky, convoluted and the replay factor was virtually non-existent. But even in the avalanche of confusion and crap that this era put forth, there were actually some playable and, I daresay, fun entries in VHS gaming. Take for instance, the first interactive VHS game to hit the market, released in 1985: The Clue VCR Mystery Game. Clue's popularity preceded it, and undoubtedly gave the interactive VHS version legs to stand on. The interactive version actually expands the game, as it not only uses the classic whodunit motif, but also challenges the player to discover who's who in the game as each player secretly represents a particular character. The tape itself is abounding with over-the-top acting and the atmosphere is right on the money as it delivers the clues you'll need to figure out who killed whom.

Following the success of the Clue VCR Mystery Game, 1986 spawned other interactive games based on their abundant popularity and



already proven sales. Games like Candyland and Chutes and Ladders were given the interactive treatment, Disney released titles based on their movie and cartoon classics (you know Disney had to get their fingers in this pie) and games were created based on popular TV shows such as The Honeymooners and The Three Stooges where the game play consisted of watching clips from the shows and then answering some sort of question about the clips for points, whether it be some sort of trivia, or some minor detail of the clip. These particular games were fun enough for the avid fan, but realistically amounted to glorified clip tapes with accompanying questions and / or tasks. But the real gems to check out from '86 are Doorways to Horror and Doorways to Adventure. Each game employs relative genre clips from public domain fare as you journey through "doorways" that propel you on your quest. Doorways to Horror pits you against witches, goblins and other gruesome bogeys while Doorways to Adventure has you collecting artifacts and random treasures (and taking cash bribes!). Both games are hilarious to play, and are without a doubt some of the best entries in the interactive VHS experiment. Seek these out!

1987 was the year of sports for interactive VHS gaming. The VCR Quarterback

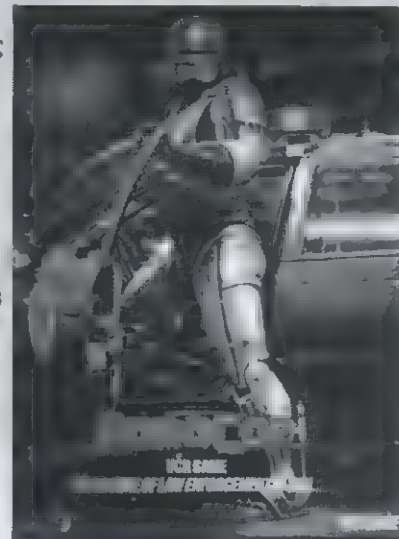


game was released in late 1986, and its sales inspired companies to release an army of sports themed games ranging from hockey to basketball to... horse racing?! Yes, these companies had no shame when it came to releasing some of these

interactive train wrecks. The sports games generally employed the video through a draw card or landing on a particular space, and depending on the outcome of the clip played, you might go back or forward a few spaces. For instance, in the VCR College Bowl Game, you would see a clip of an incomplete pass and you'd lose a turn. Try this game as a cure for insomnia! One game which was released in '87 that would certainly be of interest to genre fans is VCR 221B Baker Street: a mystery game similar to Clue, but based itself around the Sherlock Holmes legacy and played out in chapters. If you could solve the mysteries, you

were considered to be Sherlock Holmes' equal! Killer, right?! That's what Sherlock thought!

The following year was arguably the best for interactive VHS gaming. Though sports games were still being produced, this was their exit year, which, again, adds more weight to the notion that this was an outstanding year for the era. 1988 brought about a sequel to The Clue VCR Mystery Game that while not quite as charming as the first, still exceeds the bulk of games released in this format. But more importantly, '88 marked the year that VHS gaming really took some creative chances.



The Eastman Kodak company released a game entitled Isaac Asimov's Robots VCR Mystery Game, based on the Sci-Fi luminary's titular novels. This particular entry was launched after the success of standard Asimov-themed board games, and allowed you to interact with a cast of ten on-screen characters while endeavoring to find out who has committed the first murder in over one hundred years. This game is one of the more easily understood produced, and because of the numerous cards to be drawn, enabled over two hundred different outcomes: a playability feature that was woefully missing from the bulk of games in the era. Other than the above average playability, the information inside the game serves as an abbreviated history of one of Sci-Fi's most revered writers, which is a treat in itself. While on the topic of automatons, another offering from '88 was the Robocop VCR Game. Though the subject matter of the game is undoubtedly awesome, the gameplay itself is abysmal and the frequent pausing and playing serve as more of a nuisance than an enhancement. The only plus to this game is that it uses actual footage from the flick and employs some stand out scenes. It's still not enough to recommend it, though. Avoid this one like the plague!

One of the last interactive VHS sports games to be produced was defensibly the best: The VCR WrestleMania Game. The object of the game is to navigate your way around the board (which looks like a wrestling ring, of course!) to claim the championship belt. The gameplay consists of rolling a die and managing a hand of cards which included offense, defense,

interview and referee cards, all of which prompted some sort of action. The video itself was brought into play through spaces on the board and by certain draw cards, and consisted of clips of matches that would award or deduct spaces based on which color piece you were using. For example, a clip would feature Hulk Hogan bashing KoKo B. Ware's head in, and at the end of the clip a color would be assigned to each wrestler and spaces would be given (or deducted) accordingly. The rules of the game are nearly impossible to follow, but you can kind of make it up as you go if you're not a stickler for prescribed conduct. The actual game aside, collectors of those ever elusive and pricey Coliseum Home Videos (you know who you are!) will want to track this down as the tape itself serves as a unique collection of clips that are unlikely to be found anywhere else. It's a great trip back into wrestling nostalgia featuring old-school stalwarts such as Hacksaw Jim Duggan, Jake "The Snake" Roberts and The Ultimate Warrior. Man, wrestling used to be so much cooler...



The interactive VHS games of the 90s were dominated by a game called Nightmare (also known as Atmosfear in other countries). This is probably the most recognized and revered game among genre fans because of its dark and horror-oriented subject matter, and though I've never actually played the game, I've heard from many reliable sources that it's a blast. Nightmare puts you up against a character known as The Gatekeeper in a race against time (the duration of the tape) to collect your character's keys and reach the center of the board. If the tape ends before anyone reaches the center, everyone loses! Muahahaha! The game was received so well that it spawned three sequels, and eventually morphed into a set of two games released in consecutive years called Atmosfear: The Harbingers and Atmosfear: The Soul Rangers. These were continuations of the Nightmare series which implemented some new aspects and adjusted gameplay, but still kept the basic premise of working against the clock to try and beat that pesky Gatekeeper. If you're looking for a VHS board game rife with horror sensibilities that won't put you in a coma, this is the line of games to seek out. Atmosfear later released a version with a DVD instead of a VHS,

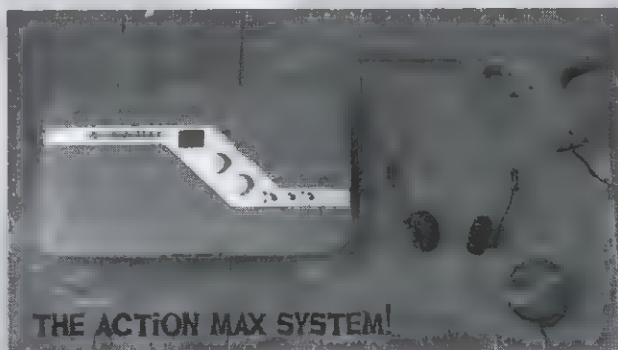
but you don't want that, right? Hell no, you don't! The VHS versions are the only way to go.

Another outstanding entry released in the 90s era was

Gargoyles: The Movie - The Heroes Awaken.

This video was released in '95 by Buena Vista Home Entertainment and interweaves the first five episodes of the Gargoyles cartoon edited down to create a 90 minute feature.

The most notable aspect of this release is that the interactive game is presented as a sort of afterthought to the actual movie, only mentioned with a "free inside" emblem struck on the front. The big box packaging unfolds to reveal instructions for gameplay, and the top flaps open up to uncover the tape and the components for the game: a fold-out gameboard, punch-out game pieces and game cards and even a groovy little spinner to choose the order of the players and allow you to advance on the board. The gameplay is simple and fun as the tape plays through the duration of the game and lightning strikes demanding your attention as characters issue commands from the screen. The innovative thought to use the interactive game as an added bonus instead of the main attraction doesn't come as a surprise seeing as this is a Disney product, and the packaging and game pieces were well-constructed and just super-nifty. Pick this one up not only because it's one of the most refined and well-conceived interactive VHS releases, but also because Gargoyles is still one of the darkest and most enduring cartoons the 90s ever produced. It's a must-have for the cartoon and interactive VHS enthusiast alike.



But VHS as interactive media wasn't only paired up with board games and pop culture to entertain the video-crazed masses. All the way

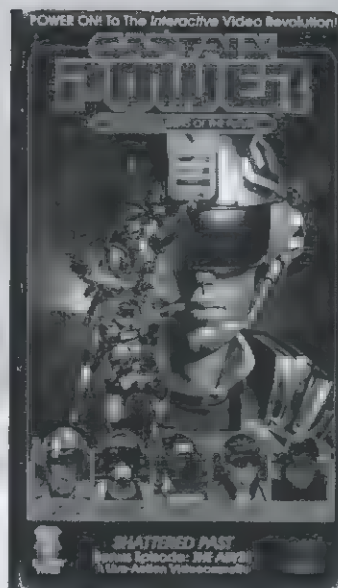
back in 1987 a company called Worlds of Wonder (most popular for its line of Teddy Ruxpin toys), which was comprised of former Atari and NES big shots, released a console called Action Max which used the VHS tape as software. The system's base unit hooked up to your TV and any standard VCR and employed a light gun (much like the NES gun used for *Duck Hunt*) that communicated with a red light sensor which would attach to your TV screen by way of a suction cup. The live-action VHS tapes superimposed rapidly blinking sensors on your enemies, and every time you scored a hit, the red light would flash and you'd rack up points that were tallied by the LED display on the console itself. All the games released (five in total) were necessarily shooter based, and ranged in theme from battling "Sea Dragons" and mechanical crabs in *HydroSub: 2021* to trying to

rid a house of unwelcome house ghosts in the trippy and puppet-filled *Rescue of Pops Ghostly*. Even if you can't track down a system (which if found in working order will run you at least \$50), I recommend picking up *Rescue* solely on the fact that it's just so dementedly groovy. Imagine roaming through a cheap-o haunted house on LSD and then slipping into outer space. Yeah, it's pretty awesome.



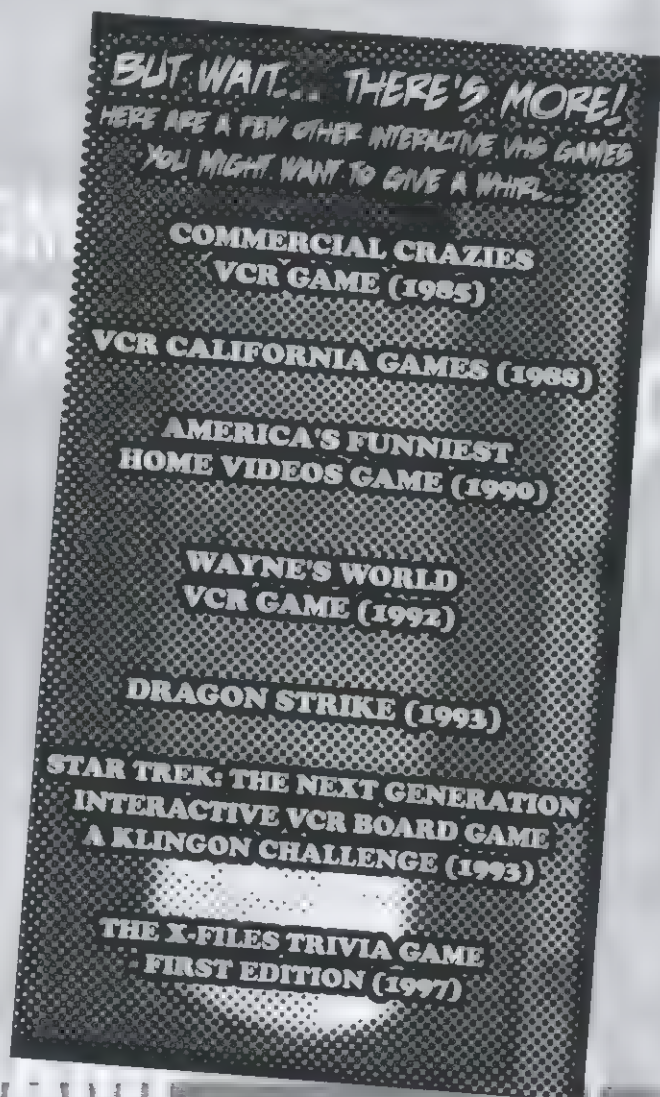
Captain Power and the Soldiers of the Future was another interactive experiment released in '87 and was undoubtedly a unique entry in the era. In conjunction with the Saturday morning sci-fi live-action series, Mattel released a line of toys under the same name that could actually interact with the TV program. Toys with built-in sensors would react to certain segments of the show (both on TV and on video cassette), using blinking light sensors much like the gameplay of *Action Max*. One of the more exciting toys of the bunch was an X-7 jet that could actually tally points for you, either adding when you scored a hit, or deducting if you took a hit from the characters on TV. Replacing a light gun with a futuristic fighter jet? That's the essence of the one-of-a-kind interactive fun that you'll experience if you can actually manage to track down *Captain Power* and all of his video accessories.

So what's to make of this fun albeit



bizarre era of video madness? It's easy to call the interactive video experiment a failure. But when we think of modern interactive games like *Scene It?* and the imminent rise of Interactive Television, we have to think about where it all came from. And even if some may argue that the interactive VHS craze only taught modern interactive media what not to do, this era is something that should be recognized and

remembered not only for the wonderful nostalgia it conjures up, but also because it shows us that VHS was a veritable launching pad for home entertainment, plausibly representing the fossilized backbone of a media crazed generation.



LUNCHMEAT'S

STRANGE BUT TRUE!



Here we have a groovy little gadget straight from the video era produced by Trisonic, which is one of those companies that shells out tons of budget electronics and various electronic/personal accessories that often end up in random bodegas and cheap-o general merchandise stores across the land. I happened across this little gem on eBay while searching for a VHS rewriter shaped like a '57 Chevy Bel-Air (yes, they exist, and they are awesome!) I just had to pick this up, not only for the sheer comedy and nostalgia of it, but also because this thing could be somewhat practical!

Hey, if you want to do your part for the environment and stay green, this doesn't use any electricity, and you can pop in another tape to watch while you crank this sucker. But other than that, this thing is just hilarious. My favorite parts of the packaging are the two-step visual instructions (detailed for you!) and the warning on the bottom right. Reading this warning, I just picture some poor dolt winding... winding... then - SNAP! Womp womp! And since this page is in B&W, I must tell you that this manual rewriter comes in purple! Stylish! And, even though this isn't really relevant, this thing would be so rad to keep in your car back when rental stores were around. Imagine you get to the rental store to return some tapes, but GASP! You forgot to rewind the tapes!

Well, since you have your trusty manual tape rewriter in your glove box, you're gonna beat that rewind fee! If only those days were still upon us!

Keep diggin', Videovores! - JS



LUNCHMEAT



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\$2.99
PREVIOUSLY VIEWED

\$1.00 CHARGE
if tape
is not
REWOUND

**ACTION /
ADVENTURE**

PLEASE REWIND

WINDOW SHOULD BE
EMPTY AFTER USE

**BEE KIND
REWIND**

PARTY TIME
321-2186
352 MAIN ST.
ANDREWS, NC

Please Rewind
When Done
2ND CINEMA VIDEO

190 Carlville Plaza
Carlville, IL 62626
270

Ya Gotta Love It!
VIDEOS
244-7700

SCI-FI

Please
rewind me
when done
Thanks

**NATIONAL
VIDEO**

50¢

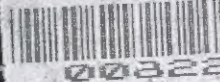
VIDEO UPDATE
1884 S. State Rd.
Upper Darby, PA 1908
622-2222

HORROR

**DON'T BE
UNKIND
PLEASE REWIND**

V3053

VIDEO SHOP, (W)



02822



**BE KIND
REWIND**

WARNING
Do not place in direct
sunlight or near heat.

**THE NEWS SHOW
HOME VIDEO**
Delaware, Ohio

341

**DISCARD
AUDIO/VIDEO**

PLEASE REWIND TAPE

R

NR
NO RATING

HORROR

Video Garden
210 Main Street
Spearman, Texas 79081

GOLD STAR VIDEO RE
104 E. BROAD STR
BETHLEHEM, PA

PREVIOUSLY VIEWED

\$1.99
44306
FULLY GUARANTEED

RESTRICTED



WARNING
IF TAPE IS TAMPERED
WITH,
CUSTOMER MUST
PURCHASE.



ACTION

PRIME TIME VIDEO
2325 Marshall Road
Lansdowne, PA 19050
623-5220

50¢ CHARGE
IF TAPE IS

**BE
KIND
PLEASE
REWIND**

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